

33. EXT. MOMENTS LATER. THE SINAI DESERT. STIRRING MAURICE JARRE TYPE DESERT MUSIC continues as MIKE and BRIAN drive onwards towards the Gulf of Aquaba. At first Cookie appears to be about to strand herself in the sand where the road once was, but the ancient design is perfect for roads that don't exist because her body is so high off the ground, and slowly and valiantly she continues onwards. Mike and Brian cheer as Cookie steadily traverses the Sinai Desert without the use of a road or a net. What a performer.

34. EXT. DUSK. LATER THAT SAME DAY. THE SINAI DESERT. The shimmering sun slowly makes its way behind the flat sandy horizon. Lights sparkle from the distant TOWN OF NEWABER.

As their destination appears in sight, complete with burnt noses and chapped lips, BRIAN and MIKE are ecstatic and stop and dance around in the sand before going for a quick leak. Relieved after watering the desert sands, they re - enter Cookie and cheer her on.

Still wearing their Arab headdress and with safari jackets buttoned up to the neck as the cold desert air descends, Mike and Brian look relieved as they head for the Gulf of Aquaba and a welcome rest, ready to commence the next leg of their extraordinary adventure.

35. EXT. EARLY MORNING OF THE NEXT DAY (26TH Feb). Outside A SMALL HOTEL IN THE TOWN OF NEWEIL ON THE GULF OF AQUABA. MIKE and BRIAN leave the building and sit down in COOKIE before driving in the direction of the ferry to Jordan.

MIKE

Once more into the brink, dear friend.

BRIAN

The ferry to Jordan. Ratty and Toad had nothing on us.

Mike looks thoughtful as he stares at Brian

MIKE

Come to think, you do look a bit like Ratty.

Brian looks at Mike, his eyebrow raised.

BRIAN

Oddly enough, you look a bit like Toad. Crude features, a weight problem, fat arse and a greenish complexion. Well red at the moment because of the desert sun, but when you were seasick last time, you looked green.

Mike gives a hurt look.

36. EXT. LATER THE SAME DAY. MIKE and BRIAN sit on THE DECK OF THE FERRY TO JORDAN. A squall rocks the boat in an uncomfortable fashion as it drifts across the Red Sea, apparently helpless in the heavy seas. Brian looks sick and scared. Mike as normal bluffs it out.

MIKE

Now who looks green? Lost your sea legs?

BRIAN

Captain fucking Bligh, I presume!

Brian pews up over the side.

A YOUNG ARAB BOY walks past with a tray of sheeps eyes and other icky looking food. The boy disappear's into a cabin. At the sight of the food Mike looks sick also and leans over the side, to pewk in unison with Brian.

37. EXT. LATER THE SAME DAY. COOKIE trundles off the FERRY now docked at Aquaba, THE FIRST TOWN IN JORDAN.

38. EXT. THE EVENING OF THE SAME DAY. OUTSIDE YET ANOTHER SMALL ARAB HOTEL IN THE TOWN OF AQUABA. MIKE and BRIAN leave COOKIE. THREE YOUNG ARAB BOYS rush to act as porters grabbing Mike and Brian's luggage, whether they like it or not.

MIKE

Service with a smile. Just make sure they take our luggage into the hotel and not to their local pawn shop.

BRIAN

It's not the Ritz but it's welcome.

MIKE

But tomorrow we'll be camping in the desert, at Wadi Musa, like real nomads.

SLOW DISSOLVE to:

39. EXT. THE FOLLOWING DAY (27TH Feb). WADI MUSA. COOKIE is dirty and shabby looking after yet another hard drive over desert sands and dusty roads. MIKE and BRIAN step out of the car and commence putting up a tent. To their surprise TWO NEW ZEALAND GIRLS (Helen & Jenny) drive up in a jeep. They stop and greet Mike and Brian.

HELEN

The arab headress and your dirty faces fooled us for a moment, but we guessed you were European when we saw your bright yellow car. She looks terrific. You two look like shit. Hello, I'm Helen. This is my mate Jenny.

MIKE

What are you two doing in the desert? We've got an excuse.

JENNY

Travelling round the world like you I guess. After we left college thought we'd see a bit of the globe before trying to find a husband and settling down to a boring life in New Zealand.

MIKE

You mean New Zealand girls still try to find husbands? No women's lib or anything like that?

HELEN

A few feminist dikes of course, but most of us still prefer a big butch man to service us.

Brian whispers quietly to Mike.

BRIAN

That lets us out.

MIKE

(Whispering back to Brian)

You speak for yourself.

MIKE

(To the girls)

I'm Mike, this is Brian. Why don't we share a meal around the camp fire. Nice to meet you both. How long have you been travelling?

JENNY

Three bloody months.



MIKE

All on your ownsome?

HELEN

That's right, sport.

MIKE

No boy friends with you?

HELEN

New Zealand men are too bloody tight to pay their way.

MIKE

So you're definitely all alone?

JENNY

Absolutely.

MIKE

You must be pleased to see a European man again?

JENNY

I'm pleased to see any bloody man.

HELEN

And I wouldn't say no to a kiss and cuddle.

Mike whispers to Brian again.

MIKE

That's what I like about New Zealand and Australian girls, so bashful and retiring.

BRIAN

Lets get camping then girls.

JENNY

Camping? You're not both queer are you?

MIKE

No, and even if I was I wouldn't fancy her. I mean, him. No, Brian means 'camping' as in putting tents up. So if you'd like to help us with our erection?

BRIAN

The tents, that is.... Mike means help his erection, of the tents. You are embarrassing sometimes. These girls may come from a sheltered background.

MIKE

(Softly to Brian)

Have you ever come across a New Zealand or Australian girl from a sheltered background?

Brian thinks about it and is definitive with his answer.

BRIAN

Can't say that I have.

MIKE

(To the girls)

So, you're welcome to stay the night, girls.

BRIAN

With us, Mike means. Stay the night with us. Together. All of us. In our tent.

Mike subtly kicks Brian, to get him to keep quiet.

MIKE

(Quietly)

I think they've got our drift, Brian.

MIKE

(To the girls)

Well girls, what do you think. Are you on?

One of the New Zealand girls, Jenny, is not too bright, the female equivalent of Brian, and misunderstands Mike's last remark.

JENNY

No, you're all right, sports, we're not on. She had the rag up until yesterday but you're in luck, she's just finished. That's right isn't it, Helen? And I'm not due for the curse for another five days, if the Arab moon works the same as the Australasian one.

Helen subtly kicks her companion, to get her to button her lip.

HELEN

(Quietly to her friend)

Shut up, Jenny. He means are we on as in: 'Will we stay the night'. You know, together with them in their tent. Understand? Sleeping with them. In the same sleeping bag. Next to them.

Close up. No clothes on. Screwing if they've got the energy. Not are you on a ms. Have you got
the rag up, you daft bitch.

JENNY

(Looking bashful and dumb)

Ohh....

BOTH GIRLS

Sounds acceptable to us, we haven't seen a friendly white face for months.

HELEN

Or an angry male organ. Any port in a storm.

Mike looks put out.

MIKE

Thanks for the compliment!

CUT TO:

40. EXT. THE NEXT DAY (28TH Feb). Emerging from the tent in the bright early morning sunshine, MIKE and BRIAN and the TWO NEW ZEALAND GIRLS see each other properly for the first time in the harsh light of day. None of them look up to much and a distinct air of embarrassment prevails. Swiftly making their exits from the scene, the two couples depart with quick pecks on each others cheeks, speedily driving off in opposite directions, never to meet again. COOKIE heading for AMMAN, the capital of JORDAN. The girls: fuck knows.

As Mike and Brian drive off, they indulge in 'Boy's Talk' as guys do on the morning after a conquest from the night before.

MIKE

Did the earth move for her Brian, as it did for my young lady?

Brian is a bit thick and fails to understand.

BRIAN

You mean this is an earthquake region? I didn't know that. I must have slept too soundly. Slept like a baby after we did it.

Mike is frustrated but is resigned to his friends limited reasoning powers.

MIKE

Not did the earth move as with a real earthquake. I mean metaphorically. You know, did the earth move for her sexually? Did she enjoy your body? Did you make her cum? Do I have to be so specific?

BRIAN

Come where? She was already with me. I didn't have to make her come, she was already in the same sleeping bag.

MIKE

(Frustrated)

Not come as in coming to see you. I mean 'cum' as in: 'Did you get her juices flowing'?

Brian twigs.

BRIAN

Ahh, 'cum'. I'm not certain, I think she liked it but I'm not sure whether she came or not, because I fell asleep so quickly. When I woke this morning she was dressed and about to go. So she wasn't coming, she was going. Hah, hah.

MIKE

Your performance was so good she couldn't wait to leave.

Brian looks put out at Mike's slur on his masculinity.

BRIAN

I played my part, best I could.

MIKE

Played with your part more likely. Or she did play with it?

Brian fails to understand the double entendre of Mike's sexually orientated remark.

Mike shakes his head from side to side and gives up.

MIKE

Ahh well, ships that pass in the night.

BRIAN

Ships, what are you talking about. We must be 300 miles from the sea at least.

MIKE

The desert, you cretin. Ships of the desert. Camels are called ships of the desert. That was us and the girls. We and the girls were ships of the desert who passed in the night.

BRIAN

Ahh, yes. Like nomads passing in the night on our mechanical ships. Like camels which are called ships of the desert.

Brian thinks about it.

BRIAN

I see. Camels are called ships of the desert and ships at sea pass each other during the night. And we're kind of like nomads, on camels. Except Cookie is a mechanical camel, and us and the girls we slept with were like camels passing in the night, which are the same as ships in a way. I've got it.

MIKE

(With a bemused and frustrated air at his thick companion)

Why do I bother to open my mouth.

41. EXT. THE SAME DAY. MISCELLANY OF SHOTS on THE ROAD TO AMMAN. The sights, the sounds and looks of amazement on the faces of WANDERING ARAB TRIBESMEN as the ancient yellow car splutters ever onwards towards distant AMMAN, looking splendid and exotic as night approaches.

42. INT. THE NEXT DAY (29TH Feb). THE LOBBY OF THE INTER - CONTINENTAL HOTEL, AMMAN. The hotel is plush and luxurious, a major contrast to the sleeping bags in tents of the previous night. MIKE and BRIAN pick up their room keys from reception and walk towards the elevator.

43. EXT. THE FOLLOWING DAY. THE SAUDI EMBASSY IN AMMAN. A TAXI arrives. MIKE and BRIAN get out and enter the Embassy.

44. INT. SOON AFTER. THE SAUDI ARABIAN EMBASSY, AMMAN. MIKE and BRIAN approach AN ARAB EMBASSY OFFICIAL.

MIKE

Good morning. I wonder if you can help us. We very much need assistance in obtaining your governments endorsement of our Saudi visa, to allow us to leave your country via Kuwait?

EMBASSY OFFICIAL (AMMAN)

Unfortunately that will take some time. It is not usual for Westerners to leave our country by road for KUWAIT. If you were travelling by air there would be no problem, your visa would be automatic. But there would be fears that you might be smuggling forbidden substances or spreading unfavourable propaganda, so it will be very difficult for you to leave on your planned route. Can you not go by air?

MIKE

We appreciate your governments fears and we sympathise, but we are the only remaining competitor in the London to Sydney Vintage Car Endurance Rally and our route is via your country, then Kuwait, Qatar and the United Arab Emirates. If we are unable to leave by road, to pick up a boat to travel onwards to India, we will lose our chance of completing the route. We need your governments cooperation.

The Official is surprised at Mike's information.

EMBASSY OFFICIAL (AMMAN)

I understand, but your request is very unusual. My problem is trying to get our officials in Saudi to realise your position. I am sorry I cannot be more helpful.

Clearly disappointed, Mike and Brian shake hands with the official and leave. As they walk along the passageway to the outer door, they converse.

MIKE

So much for Her Britannic Majesties request for unhindered passage. Still, it was worth a try. Guess the British Empire doesn't cut much ice in these parts any more.

BRIAN

In fact many Arabs now own great chunks of England. They've colonised us.

MIKE

Serves us right for ripping off their country when El Lawrence was out here.

DISSOLVE BACK TO:

45. INT. THE SAME DAY. THE INTER - CONTINENTAL HOTEL. AMMAN. MIKE and BRIAN take coffee at the HOTEL RESTAURANT. As they sit wondering what to do next, a LADY JOURNALIST from The Star Newspaper approaches them.

THE STAR JOURNALIST

Excuse me, gentlemen. May I join you? My name is Lisa Barwani. I am a journalist with the Star Newspaper and have heard of your plight. I believe you are finding it difficult to leave Amman by road without a clearance visa, and I know that you are unlikely to obtain one. But possibly I can be of assistance.

MIKE

Please sit down. My name is Mike Perkins, this is Brian Mullineaux. News travel's fast around these parts.

STAR JOURNALIST

Well your yellow vintage car does sort of stand out in a crowd. Even for Arab people the wheels of bureaucracy grind very slow, but for Westerners, even slower, and any unusual request is treated with a great deal of suspicion. However, at the newspaper we are aware your request for travel visas is a legitimate one, a journalist friend in Egypt advised me you were coming and that you are the last remaining contestant in a rally half way around the world. We know of this but the officials in Saudi do not. We have a problem of communication.

I am sure if they understood exactly what you wished to do and why, they would be sympathetic and allow you to drive your unusual vehicle on your planned route.

STAR JOURNALIST

To try and solve this problem why don't we make contact with the Saudi Officials and the rest of the Arabia via our newspaper, The Star. I can help set up an interview on Amman Radio which transmits to most of the Arab World. I would also run a feature, then there would no longer be any breakdown in communications. What do you say?

MIKE

What do we say? We say thank you very much. Just tell us where and when you want us to be. Why don't you come for a ride in Cookie?

FADE TO:

46. EXT. LATER THE SAME DAY. COOKIE with THE STAR JOURNALIST and MIKE and BRIAN driving through THE CROWDED CITY OF AMMAN. The sight of Cookie causes numerous near miss traffic accidents as passing drivers take their eyes off the road to stare at Cookie.

47. EXT. THE SAME DAY. THE STREETS OF AMMAN as COOKIE with MIKE, BRIAN and the JOURNALIST continue their drive. The mayhem which Cookie causes amongst passers by and other traffic is such that TWO CARS AND ONE MOTORCYCLE POLICEMAN look too intently at Cookie instead of the road and concertina the cop between two cars, one at his front, one at his rear. The motor - cycle cop ends up in the air, his bike bent in half, high above the bonnet and boot of the two jammed vehicles. A sight straight out of a Keystone Cops movie. The journalist looks on in disbelief. (This really happened on the original, true life journey).

STAR JOURNALIST

I wouldn't have believed it if I hadn't have seen it, it's zany. Cookie certainly has an effect on people. Hang on, let me get a picture.

The Star Journalist returns to Cookie after taking a photo for her newspaper.

STAR JOURNALIST

Tomorrow I suggest you do something a little quieter, why not go by taxi then horseback to the ancient city of Petra, but only after your radio broadcast or Petra will be your last destination anywhere in Arabia.

DISSOLVE TO:

48. EXT. THE FOLLOWING DAY (1st March). OUTSIDE AMMAN RADIO STATION. THE STAR JOURNALIST, MIKE and BRIAN come out of the building which has sand bags and fortifications around, in case of anti - government coup's, such was the stability of The Middle East at the time. All three walk to a waiting taxi.

MIKE

Miss Barwani, may we offer you our sincere thanks. Your newspaper article and the radio broadcast must mean that all of the Arab World is aware of our visa plight. If not, there's nothing more any of us can do and it's a long drive back home as there would be little point in travelling onwards to Australia via the wrong route.

STAR JOURNALIST

Don't give up, gentlemen. Cross your fingers and wait, let us first check the power of the press.

BRIAN

Many thanks Miss, Barwani. To you and your newspaper.

MISS BARWANI

It is my pleasure, we should all help each other. It is a message all countries of the world would do well to follow. But I have more work to do. Enjoy your visit to Petra but don't fall off your horse. You have to go by horseback, it is the only way possible as there are no roads. Petra is cut into a solid rock face.

MIKE

No roads, we're used to that by now. We'll see you before we go, whatever the outcome.

49. EXT. LATER THE SAME DAY. JORDAN. MIKE and BRIAN on HORSEBACK IN THE ANCIENT CITY OF PETRA. CAMERA MAKES MINI TOUR of the city and Brian and Mike's pleasure in exploring it.

50. EXT. FOLLOWING MORNING (2ND MARCH). THE SAUDI EMBASSY in AMMAN. MIKE and BRIAN enter yet another official building.

51. EXT. THE SAME DAY, ONE HOUR LATER, OUTSIDE THE SAUDI EMBASSY.
BRIAN And MIKE walk down the steps to the pavement below. They are neither happy nor sad.

MIKE

I think we'll try and stay calm this time, just in case of last minute hitches. We'll celebrate when we cross from Saudi to Kuwait. But it sure looks like Miss Barwani did her stuff. The staff were waiting for us with our visas all ready. I've never seen an embassy work so fast. They usually take days or weeks, if at all. Today it was less than an hour. But I'll celebrate when we're in Kuwait.

BRIAN

If we get to Kuwait we'll be just three countries short of our passage to India.

MIKE

India, doesn't that conjure up some pictures in your head? The British Raj, Maharajah's Palaces, Elephants, Sacred Cows, beautiful Asian women.

BRIAN

Sacred Cows. Leave my wife out of it. But anyway, we're not out of Jordan yet and if you think the Sinai Desert was tough we've still got the Al Nafud to cross.

52. STOCK SHOT. THE ANVIL SCENE from DAVID LEAN'S MOVIE 'LAWRENCE OF ARABIA'. The sun on the desert sand beats down with a fatal intensity. Maurice Jarre's score underpins the atmosphere of the kind of stark desert which Cookie the Car has yet to travel, on her route through Saudi and onwards to Dubai.

DISSOLVE TO:

53. EXT. DAY (8TH March). COOKIE, MIKE and BRIAN commence their drive across the TRANS - ARABIAN HIGHWAY in the intense desert sun. Our two intrepid adventurers, MIKE and BRIAN, latter day Indiana Jones's without the whip, looks or his money, re - commence their long journey half way around the world.

BRIAN

At last, Saudi soil. Or rather, Saudi sand. I never thought we'd leave Jordan but here we are on our way again. Shame we wasted another week hanging around for yet more visa clearance's. But all's well that ends well.

MIKE

Swimming in the Dead Sea, seeing the sights, it was not that much of a hardship was it?

BRIAN

Guess you're right. We've been to places most people will never see in their entire lives. It's just that our goal is Australia, the hard way. You're right though, the correct perspective is to enjoy the moment because getting there is not everything. It's the doing not the finishing.

MIKE

Ahh, the wisdom of the ages. This trip is going to be the making of you, Brian.

FADE TO:

54. EXT. THE DRIVE ACROSS SAUDI TO KUWAIT (8/9/10 AND 11TH March). DESERT SANDS, SMALL HOTELS and MORE DESERT SANDS. HEAVY TRUCKS, splendid in their ornate liveries, intermittently race past in both directions, waving and honking their absurdly loud horns, greeting the little yellow car.

Stops at the small Arab towns of Al JAMI, BADAMAN, AL SHU BAN and JAFR ALBALIM as the journey continues.

Stays in small hotels then onward towards the KUWAITI BORDER and eventually the PORT OF KUWAIT on THE GULF STRAIT.

AN INTERESTING MISCELLANY OF SAUDI ARABIA. A Travelogue almost unknown to the West.

55. INT. THAT NIGHT. A LUXURIOUS SAUDI MANSION. MIKE and BRIAN enter and are formally greeted by A WEALTHY ARAB BUSINESSMAN and SIX OF HIS VEILED DAUGHTERS. Our two heroes are led along a passage in the ostentatiously furnished house, leading to a luxurious lounge.

ARAB BUSINESSMAN

Welcome to my home, gentlemen.

The Arab Businessman salaams. Mike and Brian comically attempt to return the somewhat difficult gesture of greeting.

MIKE

It was good of you to invite us.

BRIAN

Hands across the desert and all that, what?

ARAB BUSINESSMAN

We should do our best to make friends with people from other nations.... Please be seated, my daughters will bring you some Arab coffee.

Mike and Brian make themselves comfortable and converse quietly about the Arab's home and his daughters.

MIKE

Look at that girls beautiful eyes, Brian.

56. INT. MOMENTS LATER. CU of A VEILED YOUNG WOMAN with sensational looking eyes, beautifully made up.

BRIAN

Here you go again. Always looking at women half your age. Her eyes are sensational though, no doubt about that.

MIKE

She must have an incredible face beneath the veil. If only we were allowed to look. But it's forbidden in Islamic countries.

BRIAN

You'd probably get fifty lashes or your head chopped off.

MIKE

As long as they didn't chop off my 'you no what'.

BRIAN

Probably chop that off too if you glimpsed beneath her veil without permission. That would be a 'Eunuch' experience. Then you'd speak in a high voice and could get a job as a Guard in a Sheik's harem.

MIKE

And all for looking at a beautiful girls face.

BRIAN

Looks like you're out of luck on this trip, Mike.

MIKE

Apart from those New Zealand girls.

BRIAN

You shouldn't talk about past conquests. Its not cricket.

MIKE

We didn't play cricket. But she did hit my balls and gave me a sticky wicket.

BRIAN

What was the score?

MIKE

I think we got two maidens over.

The six veiled daughters bring gold trays of Arab Coffee and sweetmeats. They commence laying out cups and treating their infidel guests like Sheiks.

MIKE

This is the life isn't it, Brian. Being waited on like Sheiks. I could get used to this. Makes a change from being verbally harassed by western women.

BRIAN

What I hate about the West is all the sexual harassment.

Mike looks puzzled.

BRIAN

Yes, no one ever does it to me.

ARAB BUSINESSMAN

My daughters are lovely, are they not?

MIKE AND BRIAN

Very lovely.

The Arab Girl with the beautiful eyes comes close to Mike and flutters her eyelids seductively. Mike almost gets a hard on.

ARAB BUSINESSMAN

But as you are no doubt aware, it is forbidden for men to see beneath the veil, other than their husband or close personal family. Punishable by a severe flogging or even death by stoning.

Mike and Brian look unsettled.

MIKE

(Quietly to Brian)

Not exactly the kind of getting 'stoned' I had in mind.

(To the Arab Businessman)

I'm hoping to get married again in the future.

ARAB BUSINESSMAN

Do any of my daughters attract you?

MIKE

Well, yes I do.

ARAB BUSINESSMAN

Which one?

Mike is embarrassed but half points towards the veiled girl with beautiful eyes.

MIKE

This young lady, here.

ARAB BUSINESSMAN

Ahh, my daughter Jasmine. She is only seventeen.

MIKE

She is rather nice.

ARAB BUSINESSMAN

Although we keep to our religious laws in the outside world, in our home we also look towards the west, so do not always insist on the veil being worn inside the house.

The Arab Businessman turns to his daughters.

ARAB BUSINESSMAN

You may discard your veils my sweet ones. Then pour some coffee for our guests.

The six veiled daughters remove their yashmaks and commence serving Mike and Brian's coffee. Yasmine with the beautiful eyes leans close to Mike and removes her veil, fluttering her beautiful eyes as she does.

57. CU. YASMINE'S BEAUTIFUL EYES as she removes her veil. HER FACE is covered with warts, she has a deeply cleft chin, stained teeth, heavy moustache and well on the way to a beard: the ultimate ugly sister.

MIKE is momentarily stunned that such an unattractive face could lurk beneath such beautiful eyes.

ARAB BUSINESSMAN

You like my daughter, Jasmine?

MIKE

Very nice, yes, very nice.

ARAB BUSINESSMAN

She is unmarried and available to a man of substance.

Mike looks embarrassed again and stutters.

MIKE

She is.... errhm....very interesting.... Unfortunately, I must be honest, recently I lost all of my money in a business venture, hardly a penny left!

Brian throws Mike a weird stare.

MIKE

Brian's quite wealthy though and he's not married any more, are you Brian?

Brian glares daggers.

FADE TO:

58. INT. FRIDAY (11TH March). EARLY EVENING. THE RAMADA HOTEL, KUWAIT.
MIKE and BRIAN look tired after their long drive across half of Saudi. They sit down to a meal
and discuss their plans.

BRIAN.

We're here.... I never thought we'd make it.

MIKE

Don't insult Cookie. She's been in good shape for the last sixty five years and there's no reason
why she should pack up now. Do you realise she's an old age pensioner, a senior citizen.

BRIAN

She's just travelled though the Sinai desert without a road and crossed the Al Nafud. Even
Lawrence didn't manage to do that and he was familiar with the territory.

MIKE

Didn't she do well. But what next?

BRIAN

After we leave Kuwait I need a few days off and a swim in the Gulf. We've got a thousand miles
of the Trans Arabian Highway to go yet but it'll be broken up by visits to Bahrain, Abu Dahbi
and Dubai. We'll get Cookie serviced before we put her on the ship to Bombay. It'll take two
weeks for her to reach India by sea. We'll relax in Bombay while we wait for her to arrive. India
should be fascinating.

MIKE

And we're the only car left in the race. There's no one else. If we can finish we're home and dry -
The Winners.

BRIAN

Only half of Arabia, most of India, Malaysia, Singapore and four thousand five hundred miles of
Australian outback to go.

MIKE

That was almost a joke wasn't it, Brian ?

DISSOLVE TO:

59. EXT THE FOLLOWING DAY (12TH March). THE JAM PACKED STREETS OF KUWAIT as COOKIE with MIKE, BRIAN and GENERAL MOTORS LOCAL MANAGER drive away from THE PENINSULAR HOTEL.

Once more the sight of Cookie makes traffic veer into and out of near miss accidents as drivers take their attention from the road and concentrate on Cookie: more Arabian Keystone Cops action.

As the mini travelogue of Kuwait unfolds, after a short time a diabolical clanking noise erupts from Cookie's rear axle.

BRIAN

Oh no, her rear axles on the blink. Stop, quick.

The three men get out of the car and look under Cookie's rear end.

MIKE

I'll never get used to looking up an old ladies rear end.

BRIAN

It could be the rear axle gone west or maybe just a bolt on the way out.

MIKE

Whatever it is lets thank our lucky stars it didn't happen hundreds of miles back in the desert.

LOCAL KUWAIT MANAGER OF GM

Fortunately we're just ten minutes away from the service centre. I'll walk, it won't take long. I'll be back with a tow truck.

60. EXT. THE FOLLOWING DAY (13TH March). A BEACH ON THE GULF OF KUWAIT. MIKE and BRIAN laze on the sands, intermittently swimming and sun bathing. They discuss their current situation.

MIKE

I'm glad Cookie only had a differential bolt gone. Where would we have got a rear axle for a 1924 open top Vauxhall out here?

BRIAN

It's almost like we're being watched over, isn't it Mike?

MIKE

You're delving into the mysteries and wisdom of the ancients again. You'll end up back in England with a long grey beard and a Doctorate in Philosophy.

BRIAN

Bog off.

MIKE

Two more days sight seeing then we'll leave for Bahrain. Shit, we've been on the road for two and a half months already.

CUT TO:

61. EXT. MORNING OF TUESDAY 15TH March. MIKE AND BRIAN hail a TAXI outside the RAMADA HOTEL.

BRIAN

Cookie's in great shape. Her axle's fixed and she's clean, serviced and smelling like a Frenchman.

MIKE

Our onward visas are OK so what are we waiting for? Let's do the town, it's our last night in Kuwait.

62. EXT & INT. MIKE and BRIAN DO KUWAIT. THE WHOLE TOURIST BIT: MOSQUE'S, ARAB MARKETS, LIDO NIGHTCLUB and A DAY AND NIGHT OF FUN (15TH March).

63. EXT. EARLY MORNING (17th March). COOKIE, MIKE and BRIAN drive away from the RAMADA HOTEL, the hotel shaped like a ship.

The trio then drive onwards along the COASTAL ROAD TO BAHRAIN, travelling across the LONGEST CAUSEWAY IN THE WORLD to BAHRAIN CITY. Mike and Brian finally check into THE RAMADA HOTEL at night.

64. INT. THAT NIGHT. INSIDE THE RAMADA HOUSE. MIKE and BRIAN speak to A SOPHISTICATED PUBLIC RELATIONS LADY (MISS LILY).

PR LADY (MISS LILY)

Good evening, gentlemen. I am Miss Lily, PR representative with the hotel. I hope to help make your stay in Bahrain a pleasurable experience, and we will also pamper your beautiful little car Cookie in our service centre for a day or two.

MIKE

That's terrific. We are in your hands, show us the way.

65. INT AND EXT. DAY AND NIGHT. BAHRAIN. MIKE and BRIAN enjoy two more days of high living, sightseeing and meeting people. Visits to the EMIR OF BAHRAIN'S PALACE and much more until, yet again, it is time to move on.

66. EXT. DAY. SUNDAY (20TH March). BAHRAIN. MIKE, BRIAN and COOKIE shake hands with SHEIK RASHID outside the MINISTRY OF TOURISM as The Sheik presents Mike and Brian with gifts before they leave.

SHEIK RASHID

Goodbye, gentlemen. Please accept these gifts as a token of friendship from my government and the citizens of our country.

67. EXT. LATER THE SAME DAY. THE DRIVE FROM BAHRAIN. The weather is so hot Mike and Brian open Cookie's bonnet to cool the engine as they drive, to stop it from overheating.

After a break for a pee, they continue their journey on the road to QATAR, stopping off at a bank to change some travellers cheques.

68. INT. DAY. SAUDIA ARABIA. A SMALL ARAB BANK ON THE ROAD TO QATAR. THE STAFF peer out of the windows as COOKIE drives up. They talk excitedly in Arabic as MIKE and BRIAN enter the bank to obtain some local currency, but as they exit the bank everyone else does too, leaving the main doors open and the bank entirely unattended.

69. EXT. DAY. MINUTES LATER. MIKE and BRIAN OUTSIDE THE SMALL ARAB BANK as they are joined by ALL OF THE BANK STAFF and LOTS OF PASSERS BY. Mike and Brian shake hands with all present as everybody crowds around Cookie, the bank doors still open with no one in attendance.

THE BANK MANAGER and his CHIEF OFFICERS talk in English to Mike and Brian.

BANK MANAGER

Your car is a celebrity. Thank you for giving your patronage to our Bank, you have made everyone in our small town very happy.

Mike is slightly bemused and puzzled.

MIKE

I have no wish to be rude, but isn't it a bit in - cautious to leave your bank doors open with no one in attendance.

The Bank Manager appears offended.

BANK MANAGER

Please do not worry yourself about such matters. This is Arabia, such dishonesty as you are envisaging would not occur. Islamic law would not allow it to happen. With respect to your Western Culture, bank robbery is a Western sickness.

Mike Salaams.

MIKE

I did not mean to offend.

BANK MANAGER

It is not important. As long as your stay in our country is a safe and happy one.

MIKE

It's certainly that. Perhaps you'd thank your staff and the people of your town for their hospitality. Unfortunately, I don't speak your language.

The Bank Manager gabbles in Arabic to his staff and the watching towns folk.

BANK MANAGER

(To Mike and Brian)

Perhaps you'd like to stay a few days more and attend a beheading, there will be one later this week. The scimitar brought up under the chin is a quick and clean method of removing the head from the shoulders, a graphic reminder to those who cannot learn by any other means that crime

in our country does not pay!

There is much feasting afterwards, it is a nice day out, would you like to attend?

Mike is both scared and curious at the same time.

MIKE

It's nice of you to offer but we are in a bit of a hurry. We're the last contestant in a rally. So I think we'll have to give that one the 'chop'. Perhaps next time.

Cookie slowly leaves the small town in the company of LOTS OF SMALL BOYS who run alongside until the desert terrain commences yet again.

70. EXT, THE SAME DAY. SAUDI ARABIA. COOKIE, MIKE and BRIAN drive through CUSTOMS on THE BORDER OF QATAR. A TV CREW awaits accompanied by POLICE CARS with sirens wailing. Cookie and her entourage are whistle stopped all the way to THE GULF HOTEL as guests of SHEIK ABDULLAH.

71. INT. THAT EVENING. INSIDE SHEIK ABDULLAH'S PALACE. MIKE and BRIAN are greeted by MOHAMMED the personal assistant to SHEIK ABDULLAH. Sheik Abdullah is first in line to The Throne of Qatar. Mohammed is a dark skinned and highly personable Sudanese.

MOHAMMED

Welcome to Qatar, gentlemen. My Master, Sheik Abdullah, first in line to the Throne of Qatar, has asked me to show you every hospitality during your short stay in the Kingdom.

MOHAMMED

With your permission, one of our drivers will transport your baggage to the hotel and Cookie will be taken to her quarters, or should I say the service department of General Motors. Then I will show you around the Palace and we will dine. I am sure you are hungry after your long journey.

72. INT. THE SAME EVENING. SHEIK ABDULLAH'S PALACE. MIKE and BRIAN are given a Cooks tour of the opulent residence.

73. INT. NIGHT. SHORTLY AFTER. THE DINING ROOM OF SHEIK ABDULLAH'S PALACE. A magnificent feast is laid out on a huge table as MIKE and BRIAN enter the room with MOHAMMED. Mike and Brian gasp at the opulence of the spread before them, and particularly as every item of cutlery, every dish and goblet on the table as well as every door handle, light fitting, window latch, in fact every item in the room not made from fabric or wood, is gold. Incongruously, TWO BOTTLES OF HP SAUCE sit alone on the table amongst the opulence. Like commoners standing guard amongst royalty. Just like Mike and Brian really.

SHEIK ABDULLAH enters the room and after warm greetings, all enjoy an evening of conversation and luxury dining.

74. EXT. DAY. THE FOLLOWING DAY (21ST March). OUTSIDE THE GULF HOTEL. MIKE, BRIAN and MOHAMMED enter a stretch Mercedes for a few days sight seeing the luxurious way: drinks at THE SHERATON HOTEL visits to STREET MARKETS and a full day of TOURIST SHOTS OF THE AREA AROUND THE CAPITAL OF QATAR DOHA.

75. EXT. THE FOLLOWING DAY (21 MARCH). THE MARINA at DOHA. A TELEVISION CREW surround MIKE, BRIAN and COOKIE who looks sparkling clean. MOHAMMED is quietly organising things as Mike and Brian look at the attractive waterfront in the warm morning sun and contemplate their next moves as THE CAMERA CREW set up their next shot.

MIKE

Is this an Arabian heaven or what, Brian?

BRIAN

Absolutely. I'll have pleasant memories of Qatar for years to come.

MIKE

But then desert nomads have behaved with such courtesy to each other since biblical times. It's all part of the culture. The Koran is structured so that good behaviour is clearly laid out and encouraged. The Bank Manager in the desert explained things when he said that harsh discipline publicly meted out might seem harsh to us in the West, but people of limited understanding anywhere are unable to appreciate sophisticated sociological arguments like we in the West offer.

(Mike imitates an English Magistrate)

Three hundred burglaries and fifteen assaults. You naughty boy. Sixty days community service. Now go away and don't let me see you here again for at least another fortnight.

MIKE

(His own voice)

In Arabia they believe simple cause and effect deters wrong doers more efficiently than a few weeks community service. And it certainly seems to work, Arabia is virtually crime free.

BRIAN

Food for thought, Mike.... Perhaps we'll see the odd flogging or beheading in England on a Saturday afternoon in the market squares, in between the pot - pourri and fruit and veg stalls? I could think of a few people I'd like to see on the receiving end.

MIKE

What a philosopher you are, Brian.

76. EXT. DAY. THE SAME MORNING. DOHA MARINA. MOHAMMED is arranging pin up pictures and TV coverage of Cookie. As the TV shoot finishes Mohammed speaks to MIKE and BRIAN.

MOHAMMED

With your permission, later this afternoon we have a request from Sheik Mohab to ride in Cookie. He would like to show her off to his subjects in the outlying villages. However, I must warn you, Sheik Mohab is a very large man and would need to be lifted into your car by twelve of his servants and a chain hoist, which might be a bit hard on Cookie. (This really happened.)

DISSOLVE TO:

77. EXT. THE AFTERNOON OF THE SAME DAY. DOHA. OUTSIDE SHEIK MOHAB'S PALACE. A luxurious building with THREE MERCEDES CARS parked outside along with NUMEROUS POLICE CARS and COOKIE. Through the gates of the Palace SHEIK MOHAB, accompanied by MOHAMMED, MIKE and BRIAN, make their way towards Cookie. A DOZEN ARAB SERVANTS bring up the rear. With great difficulty the twelve servants push, pull and hoist the voluminous Sheik into Cookie's front passenger seat. The operation complete, Mohammed, Mike and Brian enter one of the Mercedes cars and, led by the Sheik's Stretch Mercedes, driven by his personal assistant and with TWO BODYGUARDS in the back, Cookie follows with a procession of other Mercedes and Police Cars at her rear, sirens wailing and lights flashing on a whistle stop tour of The Sheik's subject villages.

VILLAGERS watch in amazement and all other traffic is forced to stop. CAMELS bolt as the Huge Sheik, Cookie and his mobile entourage drive at great speed from Village to village, stopping an hour or so later at a Camel Race Track.

78. EXT. THE SAME AFTERNOON. THE CAMEL RACE TRACK outside DOHA. SHEIK MOHAB, MOHAMMED, MIKE and BRIAN sit in a special VIP box to watch an afternoons camel racing. Small boys on the largest and swiftest camels in the land race for huge prizes. Hundreds of VILLAGERS, BUSINESSMEN and ARISTOCRATS gamble on their favourite camels, even though gambling is illegal in Arabia. Various races with the Sheik awarding trophies and prizes: another little seen, spectacular day's entertainment.

79. EXT. NIGHT OF THE SAME DAY. OUTSIDE SHEIK MOHAB'S PALACE. MIKE, BRIAN and MOHAMMED make their goodbyes to The Sheik who is again lifted out of Cookie by his TWELVE SERVANTS and a chain hoist. Cookie's springs gratefully resume their previous shape as the huge Sheik rises in the air and is replaced on terra firma. Cookie, with

Mike, Brian and Mohammed drive off into the night.

80. INT. NIGHT. NOT LONG AFTER. INSIDE SHEIK ABDULLAH'S PALACE. THE SHEIKS SIXTEEN WIVES AND CONCUBINES, all veiled, attend a feast to celebrate Cookie's last night in Qatar. VARIOUS DIGNITARIES, CELEBRITIES AND ARAB MOVIE STARS enjoy the evening. MIKE and BRIAN drink in the lavish and unexpected hospitality.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

81. EXT. THE MORNING OF THE FOLLOWING DAY (23rd March). OUTSIDE THE GULF HOTEL. MOHAMMED seems genuinely sad to see MIKE and BRIAN leave for Abu Dhabi. But goodbyes said, COOKIE drives off from yet another hotel towards the next stage of her long drive to Australia.

82. EXT. DAY. SOON AFTER. THE HIGHWAY FROM QATAR TO ABU DHABI as A SAND STORM commences. Cookie is forced to stop and MIKE and BRIAN shelter under groundsheets which they hoist above the car with some difficulty in the strong desert wind. Like ancient mechanised Bedouins they wait for the harsh desert storm to abate.

83. EXT. LATER THE SAME DAY. THE HIGHWAY FROM QATAR. After some hours the sand storm finishes and MIKE and BRIAN attempt to start the car, but without success. Brian looks under the bonnet.

BRIAN

Cookie's fuel pumps blocked. We'll have to hoist some fuel up high and let gravity do the job. That's down to you Mike while I drive. Your arm's going to ache holding a bottle of gasoline on high but if you don't we won't move unless a friendly tow truck comes along and that could be hours or even days. Don't fancy staying out here that long, do you?

MIKE

Nothing for it but to build up my magnificent biceps a bit more. Bottle feeding Cookie at her age, still she's sick, so it has to be done.

Cookie travels on with Mike holding a fuel bottle hoisted on high, transferring gasoline via a thin tube to the engine.

84. EXT. NIGHT. THE SAME DAY. ABU DHABI. OUTSIDE OF THE INTER - CONTINENTAL HOTEL. COOKIE arrives with MIKE still holding the fuel bottle on high.

MIKE

I feel like Samson holding up the temple.

BRIAN

More like Delilah. Without the looks.

MIKE

Fuck you too.

Brian smiles.

MIKE

My arm really aches.

As Cookie limps up in undignified fashion to the hotel entrance, SWARMS OF JOURNALISTS crowd around the car and commence interviewing Mike and Brian about the sandstorm they have just encountered.

JOURNALISTS

The sandstorm was the worst in a decade. How did you cope?

Mike manipulates his aching arm.

MIKE

With great difficulty.

85. EXT. MID MORNING (24th March). ABU DHABI. OUTSIDE THE INTER - CONTINENTAL HOTEL. COOKIE looks sprightly and clean. MIKE and BRIAN leave the hotel lobby and greet GM'S LOCAL MANAGER.

GM'S MANAGER (ABU DHABI)

Cookie is ready again. An overnight service was all she required. It is amazing how such an old car could stand up to a sand storm of such ferocity. Just like a camel.

MIKE

Hey, don't start calling Cookie a camel, she's not that ugly, in fact she's very beautiful.

GM MANAGER

I did not mean any offence, your car is indeed very beautiful. I meant she had the constitution of a camel, not that she looked like one.

BRIAN

Don't worry, it's his English sense of humour. Mike was only joking.

The GM manager look relieved.

GM MANAGER

Ahh, a joke. English humour is very strange, I thought I had caused you some offence.

The GM Manager salaams.

Mike gives the GM Manager a friendly pat on the shoulders to show no hard feelings.

MIKE

Thanks for servicing Cookie so promptly. She looks great.

The GM manager beams, his 'face' returned.

GM MANAGER

My pleasure, gentlemen, but there was very little wrong. Cookie has the strength and endurance of a camel but, I hasten to add, she does not look like one.

Mike and Brian give a friendly grin after giving the GM Service Manager a hard time with their Music Hall sense of humour, and drive off in the direction of Dubai, their last stop in the Middle East.

86. EXT. LATER THE SAME DAY. THE COAST ROAD TO DUBAI as COOKIE, MIKE and BRIAN drive along the very last leg of their adventure in Arabia. Mike and Brian cheer and wave their arms in the air. Cookie almost veers off the highway as Brian takes his hands off the steering wheel.

MIKE

(Coolly)

After driving across ten thousand miles of bad road, overcoming sandstorms, breakdowns, mountain gorges, snowdrifts and fifty miles of no road at all, it would be a great shame to blow it all away cos you suddenly forgot how to drive on the last few miles in Arabia.

BRIAN

(Quietly, like a repentant Stan Laurel)

Sorry, Olly. I mean, Mike.

MIKE

Just a few more miles and we'll get Cookie ready for her boat trip to Bombay. Then a rest. No more driving, hustling Embassies or breakdowns, just complete rest and relaxation. R & R.

BRIAN

I second that emotion.

DISSOLVE TO:

87. EXT. THE SAME DAY. THE WATERFRONT AT DUBAI. MIKE and BRIAN speak to A SHIPPING AGENT. A DHOW is tied up alongside the wharf.

SHIPPING AGENT.

I am afraid that to take your beautiful car and yourself to Bombay by Dhow is an adventurous one but, although I would make a commission from the transaction I cannot recommend it. A Dhow is very small and although it could be accomplished, as Dhows have been sailing the high seas for thousands of years, you would almost certainly be seasick continuously and it would also take a very long time. It would also be extremely expensive, much more than a conventional cargo ship. But I do admire your seafaring spirit as well as your courage to have driven this tiny car one quarter the way around the globe through many hazards I am sure. And you still seek to continue with your task. Such British derring - do.

MIKE

Well, it was a nice idea. A Dhow looks so romantic. So we'll fly and perhaps you would arrange passage for Cookie to India in a cargo ship?

SHIPPING AGENT

An onion boat leaves on Wednesday the 30th of March. I could arrange it immediately.

MIKE

That will give us plenty of time to get Cookie serviced again. Go ahead and book her on it.

BRIAN

Good job it wasn't a garlic boat.

MIKE

Afraid of people finding out you're a vampire?

BRIAN

That joke really sucks.

DISSOLVE TO:

88. EXT. DAY. MORNING OF 30TH MARCH. THE DOCKSIDE AT THE PORT OF DUBAI. COOKIE is being hoisted up onto the deck of THE ONION BOAT. MIKE, BRIAN and NICK FARR, GM's Dubai General Manager, oversee the event. VARIOUS TV AND MEDIA PEOPLE are in attendance.

NICK FARR

It's been a hectic week. Hope you enjoyed the sights and the food.

MIKE

Well sheep's eyes are not entirely to my taste, but it's been terrific. There must be something catching out here the way people are so generous and hospitable.

NICK FARR

Cookie helps. She's the star.

MIKE

Fuck you to.

NICK FARR

You've done well to get this far in such an old car and as you're the only contestant left in the rally you'll win First Prize if you can finish the course. But, it's a long way yet.

Nick Farr shakes hands then gives Cookie a polish for luck.

NICK FARR

So long and good luck. Hope we meet up in the future.

DISSOLVE TO:

89. EXT. THE SAME DAY. DUBAI AIRPORT. MIKE and BRIAN accompanied by TELEVISION AND PRESS CREWS walk though the departure gates ready to board AN AIR INDIA PLANE to Bombay. Our intrepid heroes turn and wave a last goodbye to Arabia before disappearing into the terminal and the start of their Indian adventure.

90. EXT. DAY. SOON AFTER. THE RUNWAY AT DUBAI AIRPORT as THE AIR INDIA PLANE to Bombay takes off and thunders into the open sky.

91. INT. DAY. MOMENTS LATER. INSIDE THE CABIN OF THE AIR INDIA PLANE. MIKE and BRIAN sit next to each other and look out of the window.

MIKE

Shit, that's a bit dangerous allowing a balloon so close to an airport.

Brian leans over Mike to get a better view out of the aircraft window.

BRIAN

There's not much regulation in this part of the world. It's not like the European Common Market where they check the length of sausages, straightness of bananas and everything else besides.

MIKE

It's a good job they don't regulate your banana, they'd have a job finding it.

BRIAN

They wouldn't have much trouble finding your oversized butt.

Mike instantly changes the subject away from his sensitive subject and continues to stare out of the aircraft window.

MIKE

I can't see what it is they're advertising on that balloon, it seems a bit dirty.

Mike peers into the distance.

MIKE

It's a bit too far away now. I can't make it out.

BRIAN

Probably trying to drum up some interest in the next public beheading! Special matinee: 'Four Beheading's and A Funeral'.

92. EXT. DAY. MINUTES LATER. ABOVE THE AIRPORT AT DUBAI. In the distance A STRANGE AND DIRTY BALLOON drifts past as THE AIRCRAFT WITH MIKE AND BRIAN ON BOARD zooms upwards toward the horizon on its flight to India.

The balloon continues to drift slowly past the Airport towards the Indian Ocean.

LONG DISSOLVE ON THE DISAPPEARING BALLOON as the END TITLES ROLL

END OF PART TWO.

'COOKIE & CO - 111'

Part Three: 'PASSAGE TO INDIA & OZ'

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1. INT. THE FOLLOWING DAY (THURSDAY 31ST March). MIKE'S HOTEL BEDROOM in BOMBAY. EARLY MORNING NOISES FROM THE STREET wake MIKE from a sound slumber. Halfway between dreams and reality he wonders where he is as SITAR MUSIC, DOG'S BARKING, KIDS SHOUTING, CARS HONKING AND THE NOISES OF THE NEARBY MARKET slowly bring Mike round to the reality of his current location: BOMBAY, INDIA.

Mike jumps out of bed and peers through the window.

MIKE

(To himself)

Bombay, India..... We are truly here.

Mike looks at his watch.

MIKE

Seven o'clock in the morning. What an adventure, and a fortnight to drink it in before Cookie arrives.

FADE TO:

2. EXT. LATER THE SAME DAY. THE LOBBY OF THE CRYSTAL HOTEL, BOMBAY.
The lift doors opens and as MIKE and BRIAN emerge they are besieged by INDIAN JOURNALISTS and A TV CREW. All sit down to carry out an interview.

INDIAN JOURNALIST

Sir, what are your plans while you wait for the honourable car called Cookie?

MIKE

We hope to explore your fascinating city, see the sights, sample the curry.

ANOTHER JOURNALIST

I am hoping you are not getting Bombay belly, sir.

MIKE

(Quietly)

That would be a bit of a shit

THIRD JOURNALIST

Your English sense of humour is extremely naughty, sir.

INDIAN LADY JOURNALIST

If you are wishing to sight - see, why don't you start at the Thieves Market. After that you could take an elephant ride and there are many beautiful temples to see. Possibly a trip on a beautiful steam train might be interesting also, they are very atmospheric, your countrymen built them. There are many things to see and do while you are in Bombay.

MIKE

Well, we'd like to get started everybody. I'm sure we'll all meet again next week when Cookie arrives. We intend to enter the Bombay Indian Vintage Car Rally before leaving for Madras and Australia.

INDIAN J/LIST

Just one more question, gentlemen, something of a personal nature if you do not mind.

Embarrassed, the Journalist's head starts to roll, Indian fashion.

INDIAN J/LIST

Could I ask you how you handled celibacy on your long journey?

An embarrassed silence descends upon the room until Mike answers with an un - phased deliberation.

MIKE

Probably the same way you would! Incidentally, how would you handle it?

As the miscellaneous ramifications of the ill - thought out question and the ambiguous answer slowly sink in throughout the room, in unison, thirty embarrassed Indian heads rotate as one, in a circular motion.

SLOW FADE TO:

3. EXT. THE SAME DAY. FROM THE BACK OF TWO ORNATE ELEPHANTS MIKE and BRIAN commence exploring the mysteries, squalor and beauty of BOMBAY.

4. EXT. DAY & NIGHT. 1/2/3/4/5/6/7 April. AN IN - DEPTH COMPENDIUM OF SHOTS AND LOCATIONS, COLLATING ALL THAT IS BOMBAY: THIEVES MARKET, SWIMMING FROM THE MAIN COVES AND BEACHES, TEMPLES, SLAVE MARKET CAGES, STEAM TRAIN RIDES, NIGHT CLUBS AND INDIAN CULTURAL SHOWS.

INTERSPERSED WITH DAYS OF VISITING CUSTOMS OFFICES, SHIPPING OFFICES, BRITISH EMBASSY, RALLY ORGANISERS and GM SERVICE CENTRE.

5. EXT. DAY. MORNING OF FRIDAY 8TH APRIL. BOMBAY DOCKS. A CROWD OF POORLY CLAD PORTERS AND STEVEDORES alongside A CROWD OF JOURNALISTS AND TV CREWS mixed with GM LOCAL MANAGERS, ASSISTANT MANAGERS, INDIAN SHIPPING AGENTS and NECK, THE ASSISTANT BOMBAY RALLY ORGANISER ACTING AS MIKE AND BRIAN'S GUIDE. All stand in the vicinity of COOKIE as she is slowly lowered down from the ONION BOAT by a DOCKSIDE CRANE. The whole crowd, peasants and dignitary's, unite to clap and cheer as VIP Cookie's wheels settle on Indian soil: or rather Indian concrete.

NECK

Oh jolly good, jolly good. She is very beautiful. Your Cookie the car is so wonderful sahib. Thank you please.

MIKE

You must be Neck.

NECK

Oh yes, sahib. I am your guide and jolly good friend. While you are in Bombay I will be at your beck and call. GM sends you its very best.

BRIAN

Is that Mr Neck or is Neck your christian name?

Neck shakes his head.

NECK

Oh no, sir. Not have christian name. My name of Hindu origin.

Brian and Mike smile.

BRIAN

Is Neck your first or second name?

NECK

Yes, sir.

MIKE

Let's put it this way. What shall we call you?

NECK

Why Neck of course!

Mike and Brian give up.

MIKE

Great. I'm Mike, this is Brian. And that is Cookie.

NECK

We have already met, Cookie and I. I went on board before you arrived. I could not wait.

MIKE

Brian, I think we've got an Indian friend.

NECK

Yes indeed, sahib. Neck is your jolly good friend. Thank you please.

6. EXT. DAY. SUNDAY MORNING OF 10TH APRIL. THE STREETS OF BOMBAY at the starting point of the BOMBAY RALLY. ROWS OF VINTAGE CARS and COOKIE are lined up ready to commence the race. HUGE CROWDS GATHER OF ALL CASTES AND CLASSES. THE IMMACULATELY DRESSED INDIAN OFFICIAL STARTER stands ready, waiting for the police to clear the crowds away from the starting line and the cars to line up. Ready to go, MIKE, BRIAN and NECK sit in the beautifully polished Cookie.

After a long pause, the starter fires his gun and suddenly they are off.

7. EXT. DAY. MINUTES LATER. THE STREETS OF BOMBAY. Unlike the start of the Endurance Race at Marble Arch in London, in Bombay all the cars race away almost as one, and although travelling fast do not collide with each other or any other traveller, pedestrian or mechanical. In fact the Bombay Rally is more like a vintage version of a modern day car rally with ancient but pristine cars skidding round corners at breakneck speed, mounting pavements, overtaking in narrow streets, yet without incident.

So uneventful is the rally start that despite the speed of THE CONTESTANTS and the many potential hazards proliferating the streets of Bombay, jam packed with people, for the viewers the event is almost an anti - climax until: from around a narrow street corner, a herd of SACRED COWS emerge, totally blocking the roadway.

THE FIRST CAR steers wide to avoid the animals and thunders into some nearby market stalls selling fruit and trinkets. The car continues down a side alley with bits of the now wrecked stalls and A SURPRISED STALL HOLDER sitting on the car bonnet.

A SECOND CAR skids to an emergency halt whence THE THIRD CAR thunders into the rear of the Second Car.

In turn, THE FOURTH CAR, seeking to avoid running into the Second and the Third cars, skids into a wooden house and careers straight through its main room and onwards through the back door with half a wood wall attached to the cars windscreen.

A window of the house, which is part of the wooden wall, replaces the windscreen of the car so the driver appears to be looking through the window of a house instead of his own windscreen. The Fourth Car continues onwards into yet another house, finally stopping in a different street entirely.

The occupants of the first house, now without a front or back wall, remain sitting quietly in what was their home, drinking tea.

A GENTLEMAN IN THE SECOND HOUSE remains perched on the toilet where he was reading a paper before the Fourth Car hurtled past him and demolished half of his house. Through the open space that once was the wall of his home, A CROWD OF SMALL INDIAN CHILDREN, URCHINS gather together, staring at the embarrassed man sitting on the toilet. The Urchins try not to laugh, their hands clasped over their mouths as laughing at another persons misfortune is considered impolite in India.

A FIFTH CAR, having had warnings from the crowd not to turn the corner into the small side street strewn with four wrecked cars, smashed market stalls, partially demolished houses and a herd of Sacred Cows, stops in the main road happy to have avoided being part of the carnage.

Unfortunately, THE DRIVERS OF CAR FIVE are complacent for only a short time as a SIXTH CAR careers into the back of The Fifth Car. A SEVENTH CAR then careers into the back of The Sixth Car.

Bringing up the rear as always, COOKIE gently makes its way gingerly around the wreckage in the main street. MIKE AND BRIAN look down the side street at the carnage, politely asking if they can assist in any way.

MIKE

I say, bad luck old chaps, terribly sorry, can we assist? Not really a way to win a race but what can we do. Must get on with it or we'll be late for tea and that would be bad form. Tatta.

Cookie splutters along the road, steam billowing from her engine in the boiling heat of the Bombay sun, on course to be the winner yet again.

8. INT. THAT NIGHT. THE HOTEL DINING ROOM OF THE CRYSTAL HOTEL. MIKE, BRIAN, NECK and a room full of CELEBRITIES, INDIAN MOVIE STARS and GM STAFF are eating, drinking and celebrating the days events. Sitar music filters through the air.

BRIAN

Cookie's in good shape. Ran pretty well today considering the crowds, sacred cows, dust, heat and mechanical carnage.

Mike looks around the room.

MIKE

Some of these people look like movie stars.

NECK

Absolutely, sahib. Many movie stars here tonight.

Mike preens himself, looks around the room and generally poses.

MIKE

Of course, this is Bollywood. The movie making capital of India. As we're guests of honour that must make us celebrities too.

NECK

Very much, sahib. And cookie was on television so Cookie is a movie star also. Jolly good. Thank you please.

Mike changes the subject.

MIKE

Do you realise we've been away from home nearly three and a half months. The time has really flown.

BRIAN

A month or two to go yet.

DISSOLVE TO:

9. INT. DAY. THE SAME MORNING. THE LOBBY OF THE CRYSTAL HOTEL where a display stand has been prepared. COOKIE is the star attraction and is polished and clean, guarded by a SIKH in full dress uniform. MIKE, BRIAN and NECK sit opposite at the HOTEL RESTAURANT.

NECK

Two days left before you leave. I am feeling very sad my goodness. Thank you please.

MIKE

We'd like to stay but we must leave early on Monday or we'll never complete the Rally.

10. EXT. DAY. THE FOLLOWING MORNING (11TH March). STAFF OF THE CRYSTAL HOTEL crowd through the doors of the hotel to wave and cheer as COOKIE, MIKE and BRIAN prepare to leave on their journey across India.

11. EXT. DAY & night. 11/12/13/14TH APRIL. THE DRIVE ACROSS INDIA VIA PUNE, IGAM, BANGALORE to MADRAS. The weather is hot and humid. A VISUAL TRAVELOGUE OF ALL THAT IS THE INTERIOR OF INDIA steeped as it is in its ancient past.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

12. EXT. DAY. THE MAHARAJAH OF FORRENGIAL BOGILIALS PALACE. MIKE and BRIAN talk to the MAHARAJAH in THE BEAUTIFUL PALACE GROUNDS. NUMEROUS SERVANTS surround the Maharajah, attending to his every whim.

MAHARAJAH (Ben Kingsley)

What a great honour to compete against you.

MIKE

It was fun. But you were a tough competitor. If it wasn't for the car in front demolishing a house you may well have won.

BRIAN

Your 1920 white Roll's Royce is magnificent.

MAHARAJAH

You are most kind.

MIKE

(Humorously)

But your Roll's did get a bit close. I thought for a minute he wanted to chat Cookie up.

The Maharajah joins in the joke.

MAHARAJAH

Yes, maybe even wanting to make love to your little car.

Mike builds on the joke further.

MIKE

I wonder what their children would look like?

MAHARAJAH

With a Rolls Royce as the father, aristocrat's for sure. Little yellow Vauxhall's with a Roll's Royce Bonnet, I would think.

Mike and Brian chuckle.

MAHARAJAH

But please join me for a snack.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

13. INT. DAY. SHORTLY AFTER. THE MORNING ROOM OF THE MAHARAJAH'S PALACE. A DOZEN SERVANTS bring SILVER TRAYS LADEN WITH EVERY CONCEIVABLE SWEETMEAT AND TASTE TREAT. Acres of refreshments are laid out before them on a long, long table.

BRIAN

(To Mike)

He call's this a snack?

MAHARAJAH

Let us partake of a small repast before you continue on your journey across my country.

BRIAN

(Quietly, to Mike)

What does that mean, a repast?

MIKE

Eat, you fool....

SLOW FADE TO:

14. EXT. LATER THE SAME DAY (14 April). THE OUTSKIRTS OF MADRAS. COOKIE with MIKE AND BRIAN rest OUTSIDE A ROADSIDE SHACK SELLING FOOD AND PEPSI COLA. A GROUP OF VILLAGERS SIT ON TIN SEATS AT RUSTING TIN

TABLES, NOT EXACTLY THE RITZ. A BUNCH OF CUTE INDIAN KIDS OF ALL AGES hang around playing. They rush up to Cookie as she stops and babble with excitement at this unusual event: the sight of two intrepid foreigners in an ancient yellow car.

Mike and Brian smile and greet their many new friends. Mike buys a crate of colas for the kids and takes one each for Brian and himself.

The intrepid pair enjoy the surroundings and warmth of the small Indian community, poor but seemingly happy, close to nature. Forests line the roads, stretching onwards for hundred of miles into the jungle. A relaxed and pleasant slice of rural Indian life.

Mike and Brian hang around for a while, pleased for a rest from driving on the hot dusty roads.

It is almost as if time has stood still and apart from the Pepsi Cola sign and the bottles of the cold brew Mike and Brian are drinking, this could be the India of a thousand years earlier, with almost nothing changed. A scene of peace and tranquillity.

Soon Mike and Brian start to blend into the scenery and the sound of the kids laughing slowly disappear as Mike places his empty Pepsi bottle on the old tin table and ambles over to look at Cookie.

Mike sits in the front passenger seat and turns to look up to the sun. Incredibly bright, the suns iridescent rays obscure all else, and a spectrum of colours radiate from it. Mike is temporarily blinded by the haze of bright colours emanating from the fiery globe, set against a blue Indian sky. The heat and haze induce a light slumber.

As Mike dozes, the suns rainbow is joined by THE FIRST BARS OF THE SONG 'HOLE IN MY SHOE', by THE GROUP 'TRAFFIC', WITH THE SITAR TO THE FORE, producing a psychedelic experience as Mike mentally drifts back to the days of his youth.

TRAFFIC. THE SONG - HOLE IN MY SHOE

I looked at the sky and an elephants eye was looking at me through a bubble gum tree, and all I could see was an elephants eye.....

As the words 'an elephants eye' are sung, MIKE becomes aware that towering above him as he sits in Cookie is a real Elephants Eye, but he is not sure if it is real or wether he is dreaming. The song by 'TRAFFIC' continues.

TRAFFIC. THE SONG - HOLE IN MY SHOE

And all I could see was the hole in my show which was letting in water, letting in water, letting in water.....

As the words of the song say 'letting in water', an elephants trunk squirts a jet of water over Mike, still sitting in Cookie. When the scene clarifies Mike is surrounded by A HERD OF

INDIAN ELEPHANTS with MAHOUTS sitting on their backs, laughing and grinning at the strange Englishman sitting in a even stranger car.

SHOTS OF THE MANY YOUNG URCHINS LAUGHING AND ELDERLY VILLAGERS SILENTLY GRINNING as the elephants surround Mike and Brian, threatening to crush Cookie, their huge trunks exploring every pocket and orifice of Mikes body, searching for snacks. Mike looks minuscule in comparison to the huge beasts. The Mahouts smile and wave.

BRIAN laughs and buys a bunch of bananas from the roadside stall and rushes over to rescue Mike. Handing out bananas to the elephants they immediately leave Cookie and start exploring BRIAN'S pockets and bodily orifices with their trunks in more detail, seeking any remaining fruit.

One of the elephants thrusts his trunk inside Brian's trouser pocket. Brian, conservative as he is, is embarrassed and hastily attempts to remove the elephants trunk from the area of his private parts.

The bunch of kids fall about laughing as does Mike who shouts to the elephant.

MIKE

Hey, Mr Elephant. That's not a banana that's Brian's ding a ling. You can't eat that or Brian wouldn't know what to do with himself.

Slowly the elephants amble away into the nearby forests, work to be done. The Mahouts jabber and wave as they leave the village.

MIKE

Cookie and your ding a ling will probably feature in the whole of their next years conversations.

The Elephants trumpet a farewell and amble off into the jungle.

DISSOLVE TO:

15. EXT. THE NEXT FEW WEEKS. THE DRIVE ACROSS INDIA FROM BOMBAY TO MADRAS.

16. EXT. DAY. A COUNTRY VILLAGE. IT IS VERY HOT. As usual VILLAGERS OF ALL AGES crowd around as COOKIE draws to a halt. MIKE and BRIAN get out to drink and rest.

Looking around with a Seven Up in their hands, the guys walk over to AN INDIAN FAKIR sitting on the floor with a SMALL CROWD AROUND HIM. The man has a PYTHON in a basket on the ground in front of him. The python sways from side to side, mesmerised by the Fakir. Mike and Brian look on.

BRIAN

I wonder what its' name is?

AN INDIAN TEENAGE GIRL answers in perfect English.

INDIAN GIRL

This is Guru Victor Karma.

Brian and Mike look around to where the voice is coming from.

BRIAN

Thanks. But I really meant what was the name of the snake.

INDIAN GIRL

It is a python.

BRIAN

Actually, I meant I wondered if the snake had a name. Like Mike or Brian or something.

The Indian girl looks bemused.

MIKE

If it's a python he's probably called Monty.

BRIAN

Monty Python?

Mike laughs.

MIKE

Don't be such a berk.

17. EXT. DAY. LATE AFTERNOON. THE MADRAS PALACE HOTEL. COOKIE, MIKE and BRIAN drive to the entrance.

18. EXT. NIGHT OF THE SAME DAY. MADRAS PORT. AN OPEN AIR RESTAURANT AT THE HOTEL. MIKE, BRIAN and THE HOTEL MANAGER enjoy the warm balmy air and an Indian Curry.

HOTEL MANAGER

Congratulations for your successful drive across India. We will of course ensure that Cookie is fully serviced.

BRIAN

Her steering box needs checking but otherwise she's running well, pretty good for an old lady.

MIKE

What a trip, and we're poised for yet another adventure, this time across Malaysia.

HOTEL MANAGER

What a jolly good show.

Brian starts to doze at the table.

HOTEL MANAGER

I hope Madras Curry is to your liking?

Mike tastes his curry and quickly grabs a glass of mineral water.

HOTEL MANAGER

The curry is hot?

Mike's expression answers the question.

DISSOLVE TO:

19. EXT. DAY. SUNDAY 24TH APRIL. MADRAS AIRPORT. MIKE and BRIAN walk up the stairway of an AIR MALAYSIA AIRCRAFT.

20. INT. DAY. MOMENTS LATER. THE AIR MALAYSIA PLANE AT MADRAS. MIKE and BRIAN are ushered into THE FIRST CLASS VIP SECTION by A BEAUTIFUL MALAYSIAN STEWARDESS.

MIKE

VIP treatment. And all because of Cookie. Goodbye India, Malaysia here we come.

21. EXT. DAY. MINUTES LATER. THE AIR MALAYSIA AIRCRAFT thunders down the runway on it's flight to Penang.

22. EXT. LATER THE SAME DAY. AERIAL SHOT OF PENANG: EXOTIC BEACHES,

LUSH FORESTS and BRITISH MARITIME BUILDINGS FROM THE TURN OF THE CENTURY.

23. EXT. EARLY EVENING OF THE SAME DAY. THE SWIMMING POOL of the PENANG HOTEL. MIKE and BRIAN relax, swimming in the hotel pool in the warm Malaysian air.

MIKE

It's cooler than India but still pleasantly warm. I'm going to enjoy this place.

BRIAN

You like it everywhere.

MIKE

I suppose I do. But I could get used to this.

BRIAN

We've got two weeks before Cookie arrives by sea. Then it's a drive across Malaysia to Singapore.

MIKE

If we survive that it's onwards to Oz and four and a half thousand miles of Australian outback. But I guess we mustn't count our chickens before they're hatched.

BRIAN

Chicken, that reminds me, I'm hungry.

FADE TO:

24. EXT. DAY & NIGHT. 25/26/27/28/29/30th APRIL and 1/2/3/4th MAY. TRAVELOGUE OF PENANG, GEORGETOWN, BEACHES, PARASAILING, ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, TAXI ACROSS THE THAI BORDER, COUNTERFEIT DESIGNER GOODS, STREET MARKETS, GRAND HOTELS, SHOPPING MALLS AND LOTS OF BEAUTIFUL, SCANTILY CLAD DUSKY MAIDENS ON MANY BEACHES.

25. EXT. DAY. A SANDY TROPICAL BEACH. MIKE and BRIAN in their bathing shorts, lazing amongst a group of lovely young Malaysian girls.

MIKE

Don't look too close. This is an Islamic state and you get flogged for interfering with the local girls.

BRIAN

But I thought South East Asian girls were friendly, like in Thailand.

MIKE

It's lovely here and the people are friendly, but in Islamic countries, even relatively liberal ones like Malaysia, you have to know the family for a while and be introduced to a girl by a friend of the family before you can mingle with the natives.

BRIAN

That's a bit hard.

MIKE

That's exactly what it isn't.

BRIAN

Fuck.

BRIAN

Not in Malaysia, I'm afraid.

26. EXT. DAY. THURSDAY 5TH MAY. PENANG DOCKS. ANOTHER PRESS CONFERENCE as COOKIE arrives. Cookie swings over from the ship to shore and the questions for MIKE and BRIAN commence.

1ST MALAYSIAN JOURNALIST

Welcome, Mr Perkins, welcome Mr Mullineaux, and of course welcome Cookie. How are you

enjoying your stay in Penang?

MIKE

It's great. A terrific holiday in your beautiful island.

1ST MALAYSIAN JOURNALIST

What are your next travel plans?

MIKE

We'll get Cookie checked out then one last night in Penang before leaving for Kuala Lumpur. After a night in Kuala Lumpur we'll drive down to Singapore. After that a flight to Darwin in Australia where we'll wait for Cookie to bring up the rear by cargo ship.

2ND MALAYSIAN JOURNALIST

Which Country have you enjoyed the best on your world trip?

BRIAN

That's an unfair question. We love it here but we've enjoyed every country so far. Each country has it's own charm, mystery and hospitality.

MIKE

(Softly to Brian)

You sound like a politician. Smarmy bath bun.

3RD MALAYSIAN JOURNALIST

Has Cookie got a boy friend?

MIKE

There was an elderly Roll's Royce keeping pretty close to her in the Bombay Rally. I don't know if they consummated their relationship or wether she's a confirmed spinster. But Brian and I would get pretty jealous if she went out with someone else.

1ST MALAYSIAN JOURNALIST

May we wish you a happy stay in Malaysia.

MIKE AND BRIAN

Thank you, ladies and gentlemen.

Unloaded from the ship now, Mike and Brian leave the journalists and walk towards where Cookie is parked.

Brian points to a lump of dogs muck on the stone quay a few yards ahead. Mike looks down and steps sideways to avoid it, but slips and falls into the sea as he goes too close to the harbourside. Brian throws a life belt which narrowly misses hitting Mike on the head.

Mike looks suitably pissed off.

SLOW FADE TO:

27. EXT. LATER THE SAME DAY. THE DRIVE FROM THE MAINLAND DOCKS TO PENANG ISLAND ACROSS THE THIRD LARGEST BRIDGE IN THE WORLD. COOKIE, BRIAN and MIKE traverse the huge span, driving to their hotel followed by A NEWS FILM CREW. They speak as they drive and Mike sneezes occasionally from the cold he's caught from his ducking at the Dockside.

MIKE

I like swimming but not with all my clothes on.

BRIAN

You looked just like Oliver Hardy when you fell over the side.

Mike fiddles with his shirt collar.

28. EXT. THE FOLLOWING DAY (6TH May). PENANG. THE AUTOMOBILE ASSOCIATION OFFICE IN GEORGETOWN. MIKE and BRIAN park COOKIE and enter the building. Crowds of MALAYSIAN and CHINESE PEOPLE OF ALL AGES, crowd around the bright yellow car. After a few minutes Mike and Brian emerge from the AA office to applause from the crowd.

MIKE

The Brits built most of this place. That's why it's like Old Portsmouth with a warmer climate.

BRIAN

Its a few warm girls I could do with.

MIKE

You're feeling horny?

BRIAN

Its been over a month since those New Zealand girls.

29. EXT. DAY. SATURDAY 7TH MAY. THE DRIVE FROM PENANG TO KUALA LUMPUR. COOKIE, MIKE and BRIAN enjoy the sights and the beautiful Malaysian countryside.

30. EXT. DAY. IN THE THICK OF THE MALAYSIAN JUNGLE, BRIAN and MIKE take a wrong turning.

MIKE

Shit, we've come the wrong way.

Brian and Mike view what is the only way forward: an unstable looking narrow log bridge.

BRIAN

Is Cookie too heavy? It looks very dicey.

MIKE

It's too far to go back so we'll have to take a chance.

Brian looks ultra worried.

MIKE

We'll toss to find who's going to drive.

Mike tosses a coin and Brian loses.

Brian almost drives Cookie over the side into the ravine below.

31. EXT. DAY. LATE AFTERNOON OF THE SAME DAY. COOKIE, MIKE and BRIAN drive along a narrow country road. Suddenly a huge lizard trundles across the tarmac in front of the car. Brian swerves to miss it and almost totals the car into a ditch.

MIKE

I think I'll drive, Brian. We haven't got enough toilet paper with us.

32. EXT. DAY. THE DRIVE TO KUALA LUMPUR continues. Whilst going downhill and with the wind behind her, for the first time on the trip MIKE and BRIAN manage to persuade

COOKIE to reach her top speed of 60 miles an hour on the Malaysian motorway. As this event occurs Mike and Brian look just like 'Ratty and Toad' from the book 'The Wind in The Willows: two eccentric Brit's careering along in their unique, bright yellow vintage vehicle. Mad dogs and Englishmen.

MIKE

Hey ho, here we go. Downhill with the wind behind us and we're getting close to sixty. This is the life. At a girl, Cookie.

33. EXT. DAY. SHORTLY AFTER AS DUSK STARTS TO SET IN. AN AVERAGE TARMAC ROAD WITH THE SIGN 'KUALA LUMPUR' clearly marked. COOKIE with MIKE and BRIAN drive past.

Suddenly, a tremendous crack of thunder and a flash of lighting rend the air, followed by a tremendous tropical downpour. As the car slows down to walking pace the open top car quickly fills with water, and just like Laurel and Hardy, dressed in Son's of The Desert Safari outfits, our two intrepid trekker's slowly wind Cookie's ancient roof up to shelter from the torrential rain which, by then, is swishing round their feet and legs like a swimming pool! Bizarre. This really happened.

34. EXT. NIGHT. LATER THE SAME DAY. COOKIE, MIKE and BRIAN, wet through and cold, phut, phut up to THE HOLIDAY INN, KUALA LUMPUR.

35. EXT. DAY. SUNDAY 8TH MAY. THE DRIVE FROM KUALA LUMPUR TO SINGAPORE. In contrast, the southern part of Malaysia holds no excitement on a standard European type motorway far removed from the journey though the Middle East and the north of Malaysia. The journey completes at THE HOLIDAY INN, SINGAPORE.

36. EXT. DAY. MONDAY 9TH MAY. SINGAPORE. MIKE and BRIAN leave COOKIE at the HOTEL and commence TWO MORE DAYS OF CUSTOMS OFFICES, SHIPPING COMPANIES, QANTAS AIRLINES, SINGAPORE AIR AND THE AUSTRALIAN HIGH COMMISSION. KALEIDOSCOPE OF SHOTS: HECTIC SINGAPORE TRAFFIC and THE SIGHTS AND SOUNDS OF SINGAPORE, the former British Colony.

MIKE

This place is efficient. We've got everything done with time to spare.

BRIAN

Yes but don't drop any litter, chew chewing gum or vandalise a wall.

MIKE

I know. Five hundred pounds fine for littering. A thousand quid for trafficking in chewing gum.

And three strokes of the rattan cane on the bare bum for graffiti.

BRIAN

If you meet anyone in a pub who's been on the receiving end, better not say 'Bottoms Up'.

Mike gazes at Brian with a perplexed look on his face.

MIKE

That's the third joke you almost made on this trip.

37. EXT. DAY. WEDNESDAY 11TH MAY. SINGAPORE DOCKS. ANOTHER PRESS CONFERENCE as COOKIE boards yet another cargo vessel. Surrounded by numerous CHINESE DOCK WORKERS. MIKE and BRIAN supervise the loading.

MIKE

The last leg, Brian. Australia here we come.

BRIAN

One final ocean voyage for Cookie and a flight for us.

MIKE

(Mock Australian accent)

Then four and a half thousand miles of Australian outback.

(Mike's normal voice)

But one day and night left in Singapore. Might as well enjoy it.

Brian looks concerned.

MIKE

I know. But no littering, chewing gum or scrawling on walls. You'd better not drink any alcohol then. You can get quite mental when you're drunk. I think it's three months for being drunk and disorderly. So if you're drunk and disorderly and scrawl on a wall you'll be red faced and red assed before you leave in three months time.

BRIAN

It's a shame Bugi Street has gone. All those beautiful transvestites at night chatting up the sailors.

MIKE

I always wondered if you were into dressing up in women's clothing.

38. EXT. DAY AND NIGHT. 12/13/14TH MAY. BRIAN and MIKE enjoy their TOURIST DAYS IN SINGAPORE. A MINI TRAVELOGUE OF SINGAPORE: CHINESE FACES, RAFFLES, THE AQUARIUM, BEACHES, CABLE CARS and ALL THAT IS TOURIST SINGAPORE.

39. EXT. NIGHT. SUNDAY 15TH MAY. ON BOARD A SINGAPORE AIR FLIGHT. MIKE and BRIAN are waited on hand and foot by beautiful ORIENTAL AIR HOSTESS'S. As the comfortable flight continues Mike and Brian discuss the final leg of their London to Sydney Vintage Endurance Rally.

MIKE

This airline is superb. I love Oriental Air Hostesses they are so beautiful and make you feel like a king.

Mike looks at Brian.

MIKE

Or in your case a queen!

Brian gives Mike a bitchy look but does not rise to the bait.

BRIAN

I don't know how I'm going to settle down when this trip is over.

40. EXT. DAY. 16TH MAY. 4AM DARWIN AIRPORT. HOLDEN MOTORS MANAGER (WALLY) AND HIS STAFF shake hands and greet MIKE AND BRIAN with broad Aussie-smiles.

WALLY

It's too bloody early in the morning but nice to see ya anyway, sports. I'm Wally. Welcome to Oz.

Wally and his team lead Brian and Mike towards the airport exit.

WALLY

I've laid on a Holden jeep until Cookie arrives.

MIKE

Thank's, Wally.

HOLDEN MOTORS GM (Wally)

That's all right sport. You'll get the bill at the end of your stay.

Wally smiles.

WALLY

I'm kidding.

BRIAN

We'd like to grab some sleep at the hotel and go sightseeing later. I must see a wild crocodile while I'm in Australia.

WALLY

A croc, cor blimey. Don't get yer pecker bit off will ya mate, they're kind of partial to organic meat.

At this example of rough aussie humour, Mike and Brian wonder if they ought to have come.

WALLY

You can go down the Adelaide river in a boat. Give us a bell when you wake up and I'll take you there. Won't catch me on the boat though, cant put me vital equipment at risk. It's the only pleasure me missus gets. And then only on a Saturday night, when I'm too pissed to mind.

41. EXT. THE SAME AFTERNOON. ADELAIDE RIVER, DARWIN. MIKE and BRIAN sit in a small boat. A BOATMAN steers a small craft slowly down the river. It's hot but a slight breeze cools the air. Mike dangles his hand in the water when suddenly A HUGE CROCODILE jumps up narrowly missing ripping off Mike's arm. The Boatman, cool and relaxed, having seen this kind of thing all his life, comments upon the incident in a deadpan manner.

BOATMAN - VOICE OVER

Charlie the chomper almost ripped yer finger off mate, shouldn't dangle anything over the side if you know what I mean. Never know what you'll lose that way. Better wait till we reach shore if you need a leak. Don't want Charlie the Chomper making you speak in a high voice.

Mike and Brian turn towards the droll Aussie and we see that the boatman is Crocodile Dundee, alias PAUL HOGAN, who gives a wink and a wry smile.

MIKE

Not another one of those mirages again, Brian!

42. EXT. DAY & NIGHT. 17/18/19TH MAY. DARWIN, MIKE and BRIAN enjoy their days of tourism in Darwin. ZOOS WITH WALLABIES, KANGAROOS, WATER BUFFALO, BIG BIRDS, FRUIT BATS, MORE CROCS, AN ABORIGINAL CAVE, SWIMMING IN SHARK INFESTED WATERS.

43. EXT. DAY. 20TH MAY. DARWIN DOCKS. MIKE and BRIAN collect COOKIE from a cargo ship. HOLDEN GM MANAGER (WALLY) stands ready to help.

MIKE

We'll need you to interpret for us, Wally. From Australian into English.

HOLDEN GM MANAGER (WALLY)

I've got a package of spare parts for you here boy's, don't want you going short for anything on your way through 4,500 miles of outback. Spark plugs, spare gasoline, leads, fuses, you name it, we've got it for the little girl, plus a few hampers of something nice for you two buggers.

MIKE

(In fake Aussie accent)

That's good of you, blue.

HOLDEN MANAGER (WALLY)

We've packed a few tinnies of Fosters for you so if the nights get lonely you can drink yourself senseless just like any other Australian cobber would. Then you won't give a pile of kangaroo droppings wether you get there or not. That way your journey won't take on so much significance and you'll arrive in a better frame of mind.

MIKE

There you are, Brian. Some down home Australian philosophy to take back to Pommie Land.

HOLDEN MANAGER (WALLY)

Oh, just one more thing. Take care about the Roos, they're stupid.

MIKE

What do you mean?

HOLDEN MANAGER (WALLY)

I'll give you an example.... I was driving in the outback when I see's a Roo about to hop across the road in front of me, so being a gentleman I stops to let him pass.

Wally pauses as in his mind he remembers the incident.

WALLY

Instead of legging it across the road so he won't get hurt, he leap - frogs onto me bonnet so hard the fan belt jammed in the radiator and I got stuck in the bush a hundred miles from nowhere. Luckily I had a mobile phone or I'd probably have been out there for weeks. As it was it was hours before I got rescued.

Mike and Brian ponder on their potential Australian problems.

WALLY

Anyway mates, I think there's something else you'd like to see while your here.

MIKE

What's that, Wally?

WALLY

Crocodile Dundee's Bar.

MIKE

You mean there really was a bloke called Crocodile Dundee?

WALLY

Absolutely, sports. And they named a bar after him. He was a real bloke. So if you want to see authentic Australian culture in all its glory, there's nothing like a visit to an authentic outback boozier. Lets go, you'll love it.

Wait though. You're not into all that poofter French wine and mineral water stuff are ya? You do drink beer?

MIKE

Yes, particularly if someone else is paying.

44. INT. DAY. CROCODILE DUNDEE'S BAR. The bar is almost deserted being only mid morning. ALF, A GNARLED OLD OUTBACK PERSON with a leathery face wearing shabby Stockman's clothing and a Crocodile Dundee hat, stands behind the counter. WALLY, MIKE and BRIAN enter.

ALF

G'day mates, what's yer poison?

MIKE

Three young girls who are willing, able, and not too choosy.

ALF

Well, trample me to death with a herd of pregnant kangaroos, if it aint a pair of bloody Pom's. Hullo Wally, where did you find these two?

WALLY

They just drove over from London in a 1922, open topped car.

ALF

Cor, blow me down with a blast of wallaby breath. What did you do it for sports, a bet?

MIKE

Something like that.

ALF

You can have a drink on the house for that, mates.

Alf pours everyone a drink.

ALF

Sorry the place hasn't got more of an atmosphere, but its only mid morning and all the serious drinkers have just gone home from last night. We wont see them again till lunchtime.

BRIAN

You mean they drink until breakfast, then start again at lunchtime?

Mike and Brian look bemused

WALLY

People take their drinking seriously in the outback. Nothing else to do really. Except in the nearby gem - mining town.

MIKE

What's to do there, Wally?

WALLY

Well, the name of the place'll give you a clue!

BRIAN

The name of the place?

WALLY

Yes, the name of the town'll give you a clue.

MIKE

What is the name of the place?

WALLY

Tell them Alf.

ALF

The name of the gem - mining town down the ridge and across the outback a few miles further along, is called 'Wankie'. Other than drinking there aint much else to do. Very few Sheilas in this neck of the woods.

Mike and Brian go quiet and Wally and Alf change the subject.

WALLY

That went down like a lead balloon, Alf.

ALF

But you must have a few interesting stories of your own to tell, fellers?

MIKE

We have come across a few odd things in our travels.

ALF

We don't get to hear much about how the other half lives. Give it a spin, mate.

MIKE

A friend of mine had a pub in London in a bit of a tough area so he bought a guard dog just in case. The Pet Shop told him it was the most ferocious dog in the world. In fact it made a pit bull seem like a pussy cat. It scared the living daylights out of most people.

Alf strokes his unshaven chin.

MIKE

Anyway, its reputation got around and quite a few people came in the pub just to see the dog.

ALF

Bit like going to the zoo I suppose, to see the wild animals. Maybe we should get one Wally. Might bring in a few more customers.

WALLY

There's sweet shit else to do except visit the boozer, so why would getting a ferocious dog bring in any more punters, Alf?

ALF

Spose you're right, Wally. Anyway, go on with yer story, mate. What about the damned dog?

MIKE

Well, one day an Aussie comes in and says his Pit Bull could walk all over my friend's dog, so everyone in the pub bets the Aussie that his dog wouldn't stand a chance, and they took the dogs outside to settle the matter.

There is a long silence as Mike appears to have finished his story.

WALLY

Well? What happened next?

MIKE

My friend's dog ate the Pit Bull up in seconds flat. Swallowed him whole.

ALF

Christ. What was the name of your mates dog, sport?

MIKE

Rover.

ALF

I meant the name of the breed of the dog, yer daft Pom.

MIKE

Ohh. A Long nosed, Long Tailed, Irish Wolf Hound....

Alf isn't sure whether the story is finished or not.

MIKE

Mind you, over here you'd probably call it a crocodile....

ALF

You buggers. A couple of Pomm's come to Crocodile Dundee's Bar and tell us a bloody croc joke. If that don't beat all, Wally. It's enough to make a bloke buy his own beer.

Alf raises his glass in the air.

ALF

OK mates. Fair dinkum. You got us on that one. Drink up. Your health. But a word of advice before you leave.

MIKE

What's that, Alf?

ALF

Make sure you don't go getting yourselves a blow job from any of the Aboriginal girls you might meet on the way.

MIKE

Why not?

ALF

They've got bad teeth....

MIKE

(Quietly to Brian)

Ahh, the Australian sense of humour. So sophisticated....

FADE TO:

45. EXT. DAY & NIGHT. 21/22/23/24/25/26th MAY. THE DRIVE FROM DARWIN CONTINUES. ENDLESS STRETCHES OF SCRUBBY BUSH as close to desert as can be imagined.

46. EXT. DAY. THE OUTBACK. As COOKIE rattles along she suddenly blows a tyre. MIKE and BRIAN get out to mend it together.

47. EXT. DAY. THE OUTBACK. As COOKIE rattles along she suddenly blows another tyre. This time MIKE sits in the car while BRIAN mends the puncture.

MIKE

That's the second blow job she's given us in two days.

BRIAN

I think you mean blow out. Or was that a Freudian slip.

Mike looks drowsy.

MIKE

You'll give me brain damage if you keep on talking when I'm tired.

48. EXT. NIGHT. THE OUTBACK. Trundling along in the dark with only minimal light from her headlamps, COOKIE blows another tyre. Swerving across the road with screeching brakes, Mike wakes up. Seeing that the car has stopped and that BRIAN is not hurt, Mike goes back to sleep while Brian is again forced to mend the puncture.

BRIAN

(Quietly, to himself)

Fuck you, Mike, You idle bastard.

49. EXT. NIGHT. THE OUTBACK. BRIAN wakes MIKE.

BRIAN

It's your turn to drive now and it's my turn to rest. Mind you, the suspensions so hard it's almost impossible to sleep and it's so bloody cold.

MIKE

Don't say 'hard' after I've just been having such a lovely dream.

BRIAN

So while I was driving and mending tyres every five minutes you were having an erotic dream. It's all right for some people.

MIKE

You're always complaining, Brian.

BRIAN

That's because you're always skiving off and leaving me to do most of the work.

MIKE

That's because you're mechanically minded and I'm not.

BRIAN

You can't help being a lazy fuck pig either, I know.

MIKE

No need to get so personal.

Brian finishes tightening Cookies wheel nuts, having completed mending the third blow out in as many hours.

MIKE

Another blow job over.

BRIAN

You're must still be thinking about that erotic dream.

MIKE

It was fantastic. I was the only man on a desert island with a dozen sixteen year nymphomaniacs after my body. As one screwed me another one would tickle my balls. I haven't had that much fun or laughed so much since my ex - mother in law fell down the stairs.

Brian is lost for words.

50. EXT. NIGHT. THE OUTBACK. As BRIAN sleeps MIKE drives slowly within the cars dim headlamps. Suddenly A KANGAROO hops in front of the car. Mike comes close to killing it before swerving off the narrow stretch of tarmac and nearly killing COOKIE.

As he carefully reverses the car, Mike curses. Brian remains in the land of Nod.

MIKE

Bugger. Wally was right. Roos are stupid. Either that or they're short sighted.

Mike carefully edges the car back onto the tarmac.

MIKE

Roo's in glasses. That would make a half stoned Aussie reach for another tinnie.

51. EXT. DAY. THE OUTBACK. BRIAN drives. MIKE sits alongside him enjoying the morning.

After a while BRIAN brings COOKIE to a halt. Mike brings out a map and studies it.

BRIAN

Hope you're a better navigator than you are a mechanic.

MIKE

I'm not a mechanic, you are. I'm.....

Brian cuts in before Mike can finish his sentence.

BRIAN

A lazy bastard.

MIKE

You must be tired, so I'll ignore that bitchy remark.

BRIAN

Anyway, where are we? How far is it to Sydney?

Wearing a Pith Helmet, baggy khaki shorts and a short sleeved, Stewart Granger type bush Shirt, Mike look every bit like a mad Victorian explorer. Mike attempts to get his bearings from the map laid out on the passenger seat,

MIKE

(Mock upper bracket, cut glass English accent)

How do you like the Pith helmet? Bought it from the Raffles Hotel in Singapore.

BRIAN

And the baggy shorts match your baggy arse.

MIKE

I'm glad we're not married if you're this bloody miserable in the mornings.

BRIAN

You haven't answered my question. How far are we from Sydney?

MIKE

About three thousand five hundred miles according to the map.

Brian looks less than pleased but says no more.

Cookie, Brian and Mike appear as a small dot in the vast stretch of outback and all is quiet, deathly quiet in the middle of nowhere.

The two guys sit in silence, drinking from two cans of fizz.

After ten minutes of quiet contemplation, a distant noise is heard and A BATTERED VAN approaches from the direction of Sydney. THE GUYS IN THE VAN spot Cookie with Mike and Brian dressed like English Explorers from the turn of the century, complete with a vintage car. The group of Aussies get out of their battered van and stare in disbelief.

For a moment the Aussies think they have travelled back in some kind of time warp and remain staring in total silence. Finally the head Ocker speaks.

CHIEF OCKER (BRIAN BROWN)

Maybe some strange supernatural aboriginal rite has conjured up a scene from the past.

The other ockers remains silently staring.

CHIEF OCKER

(Rubbing his eyes)

Don't tell me, your spaceship landed from the future and you've miscalculated the time zone you're supposed to be in? You really wanted to be at Ascot holding King George's ball. Well you've missed out. You're a country and about 70 years off. Guess your computer needs a service!

The Chief Ocker looks up at the sky.

CHIEF OCKER

Where is your spaceship exactly?

MIKE

(In his most upper bracket, English strangulated vowels accent)

Doctor Bruce Livingstone, I presume. I say chaps, are you lost.

The tough outback Aussies fall about laughing.

CHIEF OCKER

What are you doing out here? You' ain't really from Star Trek, are you?

MIKE

Actually we've just driven from London. Thought we'd meander down to Sydney to see if he's got a sister.

CHIEF OCKER

Are you serious? You've driven all the way from London! I don't believe it, you're pulling my pecker!

MIKE

(Still with his spoof, very British accent)

Can assure you it's true, old bean. I am British after all. Wouldn't tell a lie and all that.

The tough Aussies continue to look in disbelief at what they are seeing and hearing.

CHIEF OCKER

I wouldn't give a Castlemaine XXXX for your chances of getting to Sydney in that. Still, if you made it from London you've got to be in with a sporting chance. So we'll say so long, mates.

Our Aussie intellectuals then hoot with laughter and continue on their journey.

52. EXT. DAY. THE OUTBACK. 27/28/29/30 AND 31ST MAY. MORE OF THE JOURNEY TO SYDNEY. COOKABURRA'S, BILABONG TREES, ROAD TRAINS, OLD WEST TYPE HOTELS FULL OF DRUNKEN AUSTRALIANS, ABORIGINES and yet more KANGAROOS.

53. EXT. DAY. THE OUTBACK. BRIAN is in a better mood. MIKE drives COOKIE.

MIKE

How do Australians find sheep in the outback?

BRIAN

I haven't a clue.

MIKE

Very nice!

Brian fails to see the joke. Mike tries to explain.

MIKE

In the outback it gets lonely, only sheep for company, no Sheila's. So Australian men find sheep very nice.

Brian tries to work it out.

BRIAN

What you mean Australians do it with sheep? That's disgusting.

MIKE

It's a joke, Brian.

Brian glowers.

MIKE

I wish I'd never opened my mouth.

54. EXT. DAY. THE OUTBACK. As COOKIE rattles along she suddenly blows yet another tyre. Again MIKE sits in the car while BRIAN mends the puncture.

Mike shrugs his shoulders.

MIKE

I'm not a mechanic.

As Brian is engrossed in mending the tyre he fails to see a deadly snake slither up alongside him.

Mike tries to bring it to his attention without causing the snake to panic or Brian.

MIKE

I'm not kidding. This is not a joke. Just a yard away from you is a snake. Just get the fuck into the car right now.

Brian freezes for a moment then slowly turns his head in the direction of Mike's pointing finger. He then leaps like a banshee into the car and slams the door.

BRIAN

I hate snakes.

MIKE

You'll still have to get out and finish mending the puncture.

BRIAN

Only if you stand by with a big stick or a monkey wrench.

Mike reluctantly nods his head.

MIKE

Let's get out of here as soon as possible.

55. EXT. DUSK. THE OUTBACK. BRIAN drives and MIKE appears happy in the back seat. Suddenly COOKIE wobbles and a rear wheel makes its own independent way across the outback as the rest of the car trundles to a halt on the narrow strip of tarmac. The wheel finally stops a hundred yards away in the outback.

MIKE

We'll toss up who's going to get it back. There's too many snakes in the bush.

Again Brian loses.

BRIAN

Are you using a double sided coin?

Mike hands Brian the coin to look at, then hurriedly puts it back in his pocket before Brian can see. Mike smiles.

BRIAN

You bastard.

56. EXT. DAY. LATER THAT WEEK. A HOT AFTERNOON ON A BARE OUTBACK ROAD NOT TOO FAR FROM SYDNEY. COOKIE PASSES VARIOUS SMALL TOWNSHIPS WHERE ALL THE MEN AND WOMEN WEAR LARGE BRIMMED STRAW

HATS WITH NETTING HANGING DOWN. MIKE & BRIAN look curiously at the strangely dressed people in Chinese looking clothing.

MIKE

I knew that a whole lot of immigrants were coming from South East Asia, but I didn't realise the Ockers would pick up on their fashions. Everyone seems to be wearing Chinese Coolie hats.

BRIAN

Well it is very hot. Maybe they keep the sun off.

MIKE

I suppose they could all be going to a fancy dress ball.

BRIAN

What with all of them dressed the same?

MIKE

I know Australian's aren't noted for their fashion sense but everyone wearing Chinese Coolie hats with loads of netting hanging down seems bloody stupid.

With a loud bang Cookie blows another tyre and Brian brings her to a halt on the edge of the road.

As Mike gets out to help Brian fix the puncture they are both attacked by plagues of sticker flies, which invade their eyes, ears, noses, necks and every spare opening and orifice open to the air.

MIKE

Bloody hell, I've got flies everywhere. They're sticking to me like glue. I've even got flies in me flies.

Mike scratches at his trousers' zip fly.

BRIAN

And you said the Australian's were stupid for wearing Chinese Coolie hats with net hanging down. Now you know why.

Mike looks humble and continues to scratch his private parts.

MIKE

I'll never say another bad thing about Australian fashion.

CUT TO:

57. INT. NIGHT. TUESDAY 31ST MAY. MR AND MRS NEIL HEILBRUNN'S HOME. MIKE and BRIAN are being waited on by MR & MRS HEILBRUNN. The Heilbrunn's residence is a typical provincial Aussie home and the Heilbrunn's are friendly folk. Mike and Brian chat with Neil in the lounge.

NEIL HEILBRUNN

Coorabong is just a one horse town. Well, maybe a one donkey town. At least that's the way my lady says I'm hung.

MIKE

Like a donkey?

Neil Heilbrunn shrugs his shoulders.

NEIL

Nothing much else to do around here.

Mike and Brian laugh.

MIKE

It was good of you to offer us a bed for the night in your home.

NEIL

It's nothing, mate. Anyway, it's the wife who'll have to clean up after, not me.

MIKE

No women's lib in this part of the world. Perhaps we should emigrate permanently, Brian.

NEIL

I've got to give it to you guy's, you've almost done it. Sydney less than a days drive away. Other than fuck - up's you should be there by tomorrow afternoon. I should get an early start.

Mrs Heilbrunn enters the room with a tray full of cold beers.

MRS HEILBRUNN

That's right, Neil. It's simply intrepid what they've accomplished against all the odds. And in a car older than you.

NEIL

You bloody mare, I'm no where near as old as their car.

MRS HEILBRUNN

I was only kidding, luv. Just a joke.

NEIL

I should hope so. As I'm only three years older than you if I'm over sixty five that makes you a senior citizen as well.

MRS HEILBRUNN

I didn't think of that.

NEIL

(To Mike and Brian)

Sheila's, I wouldn't give you five cents for the lot of em.

Mike does his best to change the subject away from the couples married bliss.

MIKE

A new car probably would'nt have made it, let alone one that's almost 65 years old.

MRS HEILBRUNN

It is amazing what you've done. A story to tell your grand children.

MIKE

I have to admit, neither of us thought we'd make it. But exactly five months later and here we are. Less than a days drive to Sydney.

BRIAN

Yes it's hard to believe it's almost over.

Brian looks thoughtful.

BRIAN

I'm going to miss the stress, danger and uncertainty. It gets compulsive after a while.

MIKE

Brian's a philosopher.

Mike laughs.

MIKE

But there is something in what Brian's just said. I'm going to miss the excitement and uncertainty, too.

MRS HEILBRUNN

A big day ahead tomorrow. I bet half of Sydney turns out to welcome you. But why not take a look at the local Grotto before you leave. There's some interesting aboriginal paintings there.

MIKE

We'd love to. But maybe next time.

MRS HEILBRUNN

You mean you're going to do the whole thing all over again? Drive from London to Sydney just to visit our local Grotto?

MIKE

Not really, I meant next time we visit you here, after we leave Cookie in Sydney....

NEIL

Excuse her, sports. She came last in an Irish Mastermind Contest. Sheila's aren't exactly known for their intellectual performance in this part of the world. Thank the Saint of cold beer they can fuck! Can't expect very much thinking from a Sheila, can ya?

On this typical, Australian sexist viewpoint - we FADE TO:

58. EXT. THE FOLLOWING DAY (1ST JUNE). THE LAST DAY. COOKIE STOPS ONE LAST TIME FOR AN OIL CHANGE (CASTROL) OUTSIDE THE CAPITAL CITY. As Cookie with MIKE and BRIAN enter SYDNEY, the capital city of Australia, traffic almost stops as the bright yellow livery of Cookie the Car catches everyone's eye.

The car stops for an elegant lady who is thumbing a lift.

It is DAME EDNA EVERAGE carrying a bunch of Gladioli.

DAME EDNA

Hello possums, bet you didn't expect to see me here did you darlings. Can't get a taxi in Sydney anywhere these days and the Limo's out of order. Well actually it's the Chauffeur who's out of order. Too much 'Cockaburra Wine' last night, I'm afraid. Oh dear, had a sip too much of the medicinal substance myself. I meant to say 'Kookaburra Wine'. Sorry darlings.

MIKE

A Freudian slip.

DAME EDNA

A Freudian dick! What's a Freudian dick? It's not one of those kinky sexual practises you Brits love to get up to, is it?. I've read all about your cabinet ministers in the tabloids. They do get up to some hanky panky.

Dame Edna, gives one of her unique 'drop dead' looks

Mike feigns a respectful and properly chastised look: such as a humble subject might make to a Queen, and there are lots of Queens in Australia.

DAME EDNA

But to my mission, sweethearts. You lovely little British possums I could kiss you all over. Bet you didn't really think a superstar like myself would be thumbing a lift did you?

(Laughing)

Of course not, darlings. That symbol of Australian culture Sir Les Patterson asked me if I would greet a couple of Pommie fools on their to Sydney Opera House in an old bange. And believe it or not, look over there darlings, you're on Candid Camera.

Dame Edna waves to A CAMERAMAN.

DAME EDNA

Hello Boy's.... Well its not actually Candid Camera just a couple of slob newshound's who follow me around. But those camera types are all a bunch of clowns aren't they, sweethearts.

Mike and Brian are uncertain whether they are on Candid Camera or not.

DAME EDNA

Sir Les wanted someone very important to greet you and as I'm as close to royalty as Australia is ever going to get, here I am.

Dame Edna ostentatiously throws a passer by a gladioli.

DAME EDNA

I can't give you a knighthood myself to celebrate your little heap of junk managing to make it from London to Sydney, so instead of a tap on the shoulder by a queen, you'll get the next best thing: Dame Edna's hot and sexy lips on your pasty little pommy faces.

Dame Edna gives both Mike and Brian a gracious and serene kiss on the cheek.

DAME EDNA

(Raucously)

OK, Boy's. Lets get moving.

As Cookie, Mike and Brian continue through Sydney on their way to the Opera House, one by one Dame Edna extravagantly throws her Gladioli to the cheering crowd: an Australian equivalent of HM The Queen of England's Royal backhand wave. What a marvellous scene of Australian pomp and Queenly going's on's.

CUT TO:

59. INT. THE SAME DAY. NOT LONG AFTER. COOKIE slowly trundles into SYDNEY OPERA HOUSE UNDERGROUND CAR PARK. MIKE, BRIAN and DAME EDNA exit from the dirty battered little yellow car as the engine clatter's to a final halt.

As our intrepid hero's and Dame Edna walk away, a mudguard falls to the floor in disgust and two tyres deflate with an unfortunate whoopy cushion noise. Almost as if Cookie is symbolically saying: "That's enough, I'm through" expressing that emotion via the relief of a long, final fart. (This actually happened on the original trip. Probably a symbolic gesture of what Cookie thought of Mike and Brian for pushing her so hard over 18,000 miles of hard road).

DAME EDNA

Why you naughty little pommies, which one of you did that? Come on, own up. Which of you had beans for supper?

Mike and Brian look at each other.

MIKE

It was Cookie.

DAME EDNA

Really, I'm ashamed of you, blaming your little whoopsy on a poor little car. You're in Australia now, not Kensington. Over here we try to show a little decorum!

Dame Edna gives one of her hurt, twisted looks.

CUT TO:

60. EXT. DAY. SOON AFTER. THE STEPS OF SYDNEY OPERA HOUSE. SIR LES PATTERSON and A FEW OF HIS BIMBO GIRLFRIENDS, LOCAL DIGNITARIES and HALF OF SYDNEY are in attendance. Sir Les has a half smoked fag hanging from his lips and he splutters, spits, and intermittently breaks wind.

SIR LES PATTERSON

Speaking in my position as Australia's Minister for Cultural Affairs, may I welcome you, Mike, Brian and little Cookie, to Australia. I speak not only for myself but for all the other pissheads in Australia. And on behalf of my bimbo girl friends. That happy band of slags who I've had so much fun shagging and generally fooling around with over the years.

SIR LES PATTERSON

(To Mike and Brian)

If you want to borrow them for half an hour or so boys, it's all right by me. I've been trying to get rid of them for ages. Ah ha.

Mike and Brian remain straight faced, just.

SIR LES PATTERSON

(To the crowd)

I am being sincere when I say that it almost brings tears to my eyes to think of the long, hard journey these two pioneers have made. I'm not actually crying for these two intrepid bastards but because me trousers are too tight and they're starting to crush me cobbles.

THE CROWD cheer.

SIR LES PATTERSON

But enough of this bullshit, lets officially pronounce you, Mike, Brian and Cookie, winners of the London to Sydney Vintage Car Endurance Rally.

The Crowds cheer some more as Sir Les Patterson hands Mike and Brian a huge silver cup and a solid silver spoked wheel.

SIR LES PATTERSON

So pour these boys some vintage 1987 Fosters then we'll all get pissed and knock up a few birds.

Sir Les feels up a couple of his bimbo's and smiles inanely. He then lets go with a long, hard to expel fart. The strain shows on his face.

61. EXT. DAY. MOMENTS LATER. THE STEPS OF SYDNEY OPERA HOUSE. CU. of BRIAN each of whom raises a can of FOSTERS into the air.

FOLLOWED BY:

62. EXT. DAY. SECONDS LATER. THE STEPS OF SYDNEY OPERA HOUSE. CU. OF MIKE.

MIKE

To think we came all the way to Australia for this.

63. EXT. DAY. SECONDS LATER. THE STEPS OF SYDNEY OPERA HOUSE. CU. OF SIR LES PATTERSON.

SIR LES PATTERSON

Drink up sports then let's swap a few females. What do ya say?

Sir Les spits, breaks wind yet again and gives his unique bad teeth grin.

64. EXT. DAY. SECONDS LATER. THE STEPS OF SYDNEY OPERA HOUSE. CU. MIKE.

MIKE

What a wonderful sight. Australian culture in all it's glory. Thank you Dame Edna. Thank you Sir Les. We love you Oz.

65. EXT. DAY. MOMENTS LATER. THE STEPS OF SYDNEY OPERA HOUSE.

SLOW FADE OUT on SIR LES PATTERSON'S grotesque, bad mouthed grin.

THEN A SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

66. EXT. ALMOST DUSK. LATER THAT SAME DAY. A BEAUTIFUL SUNSET OVER SYDNEY OPERA HOUSE AND THE RIVER.

SUB TITLE OR FAMOUS MOVIE STARS VOICE OVER (ANTHONY HOPKINS)

As the huge fiery globe sets slowly in the West, like a silver bird glinting in the final rays of the evening sun, the shape of a QANTAS 747 soars gracefully into the darkening sky and onwards into the night, as Mike and Brian leave sunny Australia and head for home.

As the jet soars onwards towards the distant horizon, A BALLOON with A TERRIFIED CAMERAMAN (JOHN CLEESE from scene 10 of this script) slowly descends towards Sydney with a gentle farting sound, having travelled all the way from London to Sydney, its gas now phut, phutting out of its tatty silver container.

67. EXT. ALMOST DUSK. FS. OVER SYDNEY. THE DEMENTED CAMERAMAN (John Cleese), is thin, bearded, ragged and covered with pigeons droppings.

SUBTITLE OR FAMOUS MOVIE STARS VOICE OVER (ANTHONY HOPKINS)

This is the unfortunate Cameraman who's balloon accidentally slipped away from its mooring in London at the start of the Vintage Car Rally in January. It is now June of the same year and this is Australia. Fortunately the trade winds were fair or the Cameraman might well have ended up in the Arctic with frost bite on parts of his body that could have ruined his sex life for ever. And that would have been a complete cock up. Or should that be a 'cock off'?

ANTHONY HOPKINS VOICE OVER

The koala bear you see in his lap was dropped there by an eagle taking it home to her chicks for a meal. Dropped in surprise at seeing a crap covered balloon and a demented cameraman sailing by in its territory - not a normal sight over Sydney.

So despite being a true story with only a few script exaggerations and added dramatised events, this movie was ridiculous to start with so why shouldn't it end that way!

68. EXT. DUSK. MOMENTS LATER. OVER SYDNEY.

SLOW DISSOLVE FROM CU. OF JOHN CLEESE'S BEMUSED, BEARDED, CRAP

COVERED FACE.

THE END

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EXHIBIT A

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